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NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

English and American Literature

A COURSE OF STUDY IN LITERARY INTERPRE-
TATION AND HISTORY, WITH APPLIED
METHODS OF TEACHING READ-
ING AND LITERATURE

BY

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Including Numerous Masterpieces

VOLUME I, FICTION

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Preface

This course of study grew out of classroom experience, in which teacher and student were in daily conversation. An earnest effort has been made to adapt the instruction to those who study at home, and the success which the course has met in previous editions indicates that students find it helpful.

To make manifest some of the beauties which the hasty reader passes without recognition ; to teach something of the causes and growth of literary power as shown in its history, and to create a genuine and abiding interest in the various forms of good literature, are the aims of the course.

As a basis, many selections have been made from the writings of noted authors. In the choice and arrangement of these masterpieces, it has been remembered that enjoyment is an essential part of profitable reading ; and that enjoyment is promoted if, at first acquaintance, the student confines his attention to salient points of interest, and leaves the deeper significance and more delicate beauties for future studies.

The different departments of literature are

Preface

studied in the following order : Fiction ; essays ; orations ; lyric poetry, including songs, odes, elegies and sonnets ; epic poetry, and the drama. The study of style, and the history of American and English literature have been deferred to the last.

The present edition is much improved and enlarged by the addition of many practical exercises in applied methods, by which it is hoped to make easier and better the teaching of reading and literature in public schools.

It is by special arrangement with Houghton, Mifflin and Co., the authorized publishers of the works of Holmes, Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Hawthorne and others, that the selections from their works are used.

C. H. S.

Chicago, May, 1907.

Volume One

Fiction

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The Study of Fiction

The Study of Fiction

1. THE PERSONS. The center of interest for the reader is usually in one person or two about whom seem to cling most of the incidents in the story, and whose career the reader watches closely. Other persons appear from time to time and attract close attention, but eventually they drop into the background, and seem only to have contributed to the interest in the principal character. As one reads, these persons come before his eyes, and he makes their acquaintance. He notes their personal appearance, their carriage, their manners, and their traits of character. They are his friends or he knows them and scorns them as they deserve.

2. CHARACTER AND ITS DEVELOPMENT. One who reads a story should carefully consider the character and emotions of the persons who are introduced. The author may at once make the reader acquainted with them by *describing* in detail their traits of character or he may leave these to be inferred by the *conversation* of the individual. In the latter case, the reader is left to his own resources in interpretation, and he may mistake the purpose of the author and may fail to understand fully the course of the story because of his failure

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to appreciate the characters of the persons. Again, the author allows his reader to infer by the *action* of his persons what their characters are. This leaves still more to be done by the reader. He must now not only critically weigh the action of the persons, but must inquire into their motives and judge the probable causes which lead them to act as they do. It is not usual that an author confines himself entirely to the one method of displaying character, but he uses the three as best suits his pleasure or as the plot compels.

Frequently the story has as its distinctive purpose the development of character. The reader must then determine what was the original endowment of the person, what his traits and tendencies were. He must consider the various events of the story in their relation to this individual, must determine what effect each incident has had upon the person, and finally he must sum up in his own mind the various traits which go to make up the complete and final character as it appears at the close.

3. EMOTIONS INVOLVED. In reading a work of fiction there are two groups of emotions involved: First, those of the persons who appear in the story, and second, those which arise in the mind of the reader. Sometimes these are similar, as when the sympathy of the reader is so fully aroused that he takes upon himself the hopes and aspirations, the fears and trials, of the character

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he studies about. Again, the emotions in the reader may be distinctly opposed to those of the persons in the story. Love or affection in the character in the book may arouse in the reader a feeling of dislike or even of fear and hatred. In studying any story it is desirable to distinguish between these two groups, as the power and skill of the author usually depend upon the success he has in arousing the feelings of the reader through the emotions of the persons in his story.

4. THE PLOT. The author involves his character in a series of incidents more or less complicated, but all leading forward to a climax toward which the reader's interest and sympathies point. The course of these incidents can not be fully foreseen, and the author frequently exhibits much skill in concealing the final outcome, while he excites the curiosity of the reader. At the proper time, the intricate incidents simplify, and frequently in one startling event the whole plot stands revealed. This *denouement* is at or near the end of the story, and after it little remains to be done by the writer but to gather up the scattered threads of minor events. Sometimes a story is begun with a series of incidents not in the least related to one another, and the reader carries these separate in his mind until they finally blend together and he can look back and see the harmony of the plan. Many times there are subordinate series of incidents which in their outcome

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contribute to the general development of the major plot. The originality and skill of a writer can be determined most easily by studying his handling of the plot of his story. It is most interesting to analyze the different incidents, to place them in correct relation to one another, and to trace the main thread of incident which culminates in the climax. It is sometimes surprising to find that in what appears to be a very complicated story the plot itself is exceedingly simple. The writer has expanded it, added various chains of incidents, and skillfully withheld the climax so that the reader at no time realizes how little is involved in the plot.

5. THE SCENE. In a general sense this means the place where the story is located, although it must be understood more particularly as applying to the location of each incident. Many times the story lies wholly in one locality, to which no particular attention is given by the author, but at other times the scene changes and is described with great care and skill.

6. LOCAL COLORING. There are various INDIRECT means of creating a vivid impression of the setting of a story. Description of the characteristic natural features of a region and reference to the peculiar traits of the persons, their customs, mannerisms or tricks of speech, dialect and costumes are some of the devices for giving local coloring. Observe with what vivid definiteness

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the scene is suggested in these verses from Kipling's *Route Marchin'*:

"We're marchin' on relief over Injia's sunny plains,
A little front o' Christmas-time an' just be'ind the Rains.
Ho! get away, you bullock-man! you've 'eard the bugle
 blowed—
There's a regiment a-comin' down the Grand Trunk
 Road—

 " With its best foot first,
 An' the road a-slidin' past,
An' every bloomin' campin'-ground exactly like the last;
 While the big drum says
 With its ' Rowdy-dowdy-dow ! '
' *Kiko kissywarsti*, don't you *hamsher argy jow?* '
"Oh, there's them Injian temples to admire when you
 see ;
There's the peacock round the corner an' the monkey up
 the tree ;
An' there's that rummy silver-grass a-wavin' in the wind,
An' the old Grand Trunk a-trailin' like a rifle-sling
 be'ind."

Note the reference to the *Rains*, which in western India continue from May until November, and the call to the *bullock-man*, who, slowly driving his cart, is an object commonly seen along traffic ways in India. *The Grand Trunk Road* is especially suggestive. Elsewhere Kipling says: "It runs straight, bearing without crowding India's traffic for fifteen hundred miles—such a river of life as exists nowhere else in the world."

The words from the Hindustani, and the mention of the temples, the peacock, the monkey and

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the silver-grass, intensify the coloring. Besides, the English private soldier, everywhere known as "Tommy Atkins," betrays himself as the speaker in the omission of his *h*'s, in the use of the much-favored terms *bloomin'* and *rummy*, and in the note of dominance sounded in the third line of the first stanza.

7. THE PURPOSE. In many instances the main purpose of the story seems to be that of entertainment, but often fiction is used to teach a lesson, and in its garb are presented some of the great problems of life upon which the author passes his judgment. Often the story is meant to be a picture of a certain epoch or period in history, and is a serious study of the manner of living and of the habits of the people at that time, and then the story becomes a most vivid historical picture. The reader should always consider whether the story is one of serious import or whether its chief function is that of entertainment, for the manner of his reading will be governed largely by the decision he makes.

8. THE LESSON. It is not always that the author succeeds in accomplishing the purpose with which he sets out, and the lesson which the story really teaches may be quite different from that which it is the evident intent of the author to present. But often the highest inspiration is given and the most effective lessons are taught by the masterful pen of the story teller.

The Great Stone Face

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Study of The Great Stone Face

The method for study suggested in the outline which you have just read in the preceding pages offers a method of studying any work of fiction, no matter what its length or its general character. You can apply it to a short story or to the most elaborate of novels. You must not expect, however, that every story will furnish you abundant material for study in each one of the sections of the outline. Some stories are particularly strong in their descriptive power, and they make the scenes in which the story is laid very vivid. Others are dependent upon the intricacies and startling nature of the plot, and they subordinate scenes and character development to action. Again, not a few stories are written merely for the purpose of illustrating certain phases of human character or of displaying the development of character in an individual. It is to the last mentioned class that *The Great Stone Face* most properly belongs. This you will perceive in the discussion of the story, which you will find printed at the end of the story in this volume.

However, before attempting to apply this method you should read the story carefully from beginning to end, without any thought of formal study. Let

The Great Stone Face

your object be to gain a general impression of the selection, a comprehensive idea of it as a whole. Your attitude of mind should be, as far as possible, that of sympathy and receptivity.

Notwithstanding its remarkable simplicity of style, this narrative is not a mere child's tale, to be lightly regarded and cursorily read. On the contrary, it is one of the most profoundly significant and truth-inspired works of idealistic fiction. You can afford to reflect upon it seriously, for it contains much of profit even for those who have read widely.

In your first reading try to fix in mind distinctly each character as he appears in the story, each incident as it transpires and all references to natural phenomena. Allow nothing to escape you, for in any well constructed tale there is unity and interdependence among all the parts. On the definiteness of the impressions which you gain in your first reading depends, to a great extent, the readiness with which subsequently you can learn the full significance of the story.

While it is not at all necessary that before you begin reading the story you should know much about the character of Hawthorne, yet if you wish to become somewhat acquainted with him before reading, you have but to turn to page 279 of this volume, where you will find a characterization of Hawthorne that at least will dispose you to be friendly toward his writings.

The Great Stone Face

ONE afternoon, when the sun was going down, a mother and her little boy sat at the door of their cottage, talking about the Great Stone Face. They had but to lift their eyes, and there it was plainly to be seen, though miles away, with the sunshine brightening all its features.

And what was the Great Stone Face?

Embosomed amongst a family of lofty mountains, there was a valley so spacious that it contained many thousand inhabitants. Some of these good people dwelt in log-huts, with the black forest all around them, on the steep and difficult hill-sides. Others had their homes in comfortable farm-houses, and cultivated the rich soil on the gentle slopes or level surfaces of the valley. Others, again, were congregated into populous villages, where some wild, highland rivulet, tumbling down from its birthplace in the upper mountain region, had been caught and tamed by human cunning, and compelled to turn the machinery of cotton-factories. The inhabitants of this

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valley, in short, were numerous, and of many modes of life. But all of them, grown people and children, had a kind of familiarity with the Great Stone Face, although some possessed the gift of distinguishing this grand natural phenomenon more perfectly than many of their neighbors.

The Great Stone Face, then, was a work of Nature in her mood of majestic playfulness, formed on the perpendicular side of a mountain by some immense rocks, which had been thrown together in such a position as, when viewed at a proper distance, precisely to resemble the features of a human countenance. It seemed as if an enormous giant, or a Titan,¹ had sculptured his own likeness on the precipice. There was the broad arch of the forehead, a hundred feet in height; the nose, with its long bridge; and the vast lips, which, if they could have spoken, would have rolled their thunder accents from one end of the valley to the other. True it is, that if the spectator approached too near, he lost the outline of the gigantic visage, and could discern only a heap of ponderous and gigantic rocks, piled in chaotic ruin one upon another. Retracing his steps, however,

1. In Greek mythology, one of the giant children of Uranus (Heaven) and Gæa (Earth).

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the wondrous features would again be seen; and the farther he withdrew from them, the more like a human face, with all its original divinity intact, did they appear; until, as it grew dim in the distance, with the clouds and glorified vapor of the mountains clustering about it, the Great Stone Face seemed positively to be alive.

It was a happy lot for children to grow up to manhood or womanhood with the Great Stone Face before their eyes, for all the features were noble, and the expression was at once grand and sweet, as if it were the glow of a vast, warm heart, that embraced all mankind in its affections, and had room for more. It was an education only to look at it. According to the belief of many people, the valley owed much of its fertility to this benign aspect that was continually beaming over it, illuminating the clouds, and infusing its tenderness into the sunshine.

As we began with saying, a mother and her little boy sat at their cottage-door, gazing at the Great Stone Face, and talking about it. The child's name was Ernest.

“Mother,” said he, while the Titanic visage smiled on him, “I wish that it could speak, for it looks so very kindly that its

The Great Stone Face

voice must needs be pleasant. If I were to see a man with such a face, I should love him dearly."

"If an old prophecy should come to pass," answered his mother, "we may see a man, some time or other, with exactly such a face as that."

"What prophecy do you mean, dear mother?" eagerly inquired Ernest. "Pray tell me all about it!"

So his mother told him a story that her own mother had told to her, when she herself was younger than little Ernest; a story, not of things that were past, but of what was yet to come; a story, nevertheless, so very old, that even the Indians, who formerly inhabited this valley, had heard it from their forefathers, to whom, as they affirmed, it had been murmured by the mountain streams, and whispered by the wind among the tree-tops. The purport was, that, at some future day, a child should be born hereabouts, who was destined to become the greatest and noblest personage of his time, and whose countenance, in manhood, should bear an exact resemblance to the Great Stone Face. Not a few old-fashioned people, and young ones likewise, in the ardor of their hopes, still cherished an endur-

The Great Stone Face

ing faith in this old prophecy. But others, who had seen more of the world, had watched and waited till they were weary, and had beheld no man with such a face, nor any man that proved to be much greater or nobler than his neighbors, concluded it to be nothing but an idle tale. At all events, the great man of the prophecy had not yet appeared.

“O mother, dear mother!” cried Ernest, clapping his hands above his head, “I do hope that I shall live to see him!”

His mother was an affectionate and thoughtful woman, and felt that it was wisest not to discourage the generous hopes of her little boy. So she only said to him, “perhaps you may.”

And Ernest never forgot the story that his mother told him. It was always in his mind, whenever he looked upon the Great Stone Face. He spent his childhood in the log cottage where he was born, and was dutiful to his mother, and helpful to her in many things, assisting her much with his little hands, and more with his loving heart. In this manner, from a happy yet often pensive child, he grew up to be a mild, quiet, unobtrusive boy, and sun-browned with labor in the fields, but with more intelligence brightening his aspect than

The Great Stone Face

is seen in many lads who have been taught at famous schools. Yet Ernest had had no teacher, save only that the Great Stone Face became one to him. When the toil of the day was over, he would gaze at it for hours, until he began to imagine that those vast features recognized him, and gave him a smile of kindness and encouragement, responsive to his own look of veneration. We must not take upon us to affirm that this was a mistake, although the Face may have looked no more kindly at Ernest than at all the world besides. But the secret was that the boy's tender and confiding simplicity discerned what other people could not see; and thus the love, which was meant for all, became his peculiar portion.

About this time there went a rumor throughout the valley, that the great man, foretold from ages long ago, who was to bear a resemblance to the Great Stone Face, had appeared at last. It seems that, many years before, a young man had migrated from the valley and settled at a distant seaport, where, after getting together a little money, he had set up as a shopkeeper. His name—but I could never learn whether it was his real one, or a nickname that had grown out of his habits and success in life—was Gathergold. Being



*OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAINS, WHITE MOUNTAINS,
N. H.*

The Great Stone Face

shrewd and active, and endowed by Providence with that inscrutable faculty which develops itself in what the world calls luck, he became an exceedingly rich merchant, and owner of a whole fleet of bulky-bottomed ships. All the countries of the globe appeared to join hands for the mere purpose of adding heap after heap to the mountainous accumulation of this one man's wealth. The cold regions of the north, almost within the gloom and shadow of the Arctic Circle, sent him their tribute in the shape of furs; hot Africa sifted for him the golden sands of her rivers, and gathered up the ivory tusks of her great elephants out of the forests; the East came bringing him the rich shawls, and spices, and teas, and the effulgence of diamonds, and the gleaming purity of large pearls. The ocean, not to be behindhand with the earth, yielded up her mighty whales, that Mr. Gathergold might sell their oil, and make a profit on it. Be the original commodity what it might, it was gold within his grasp. It might be said of him, as of Midas in the fable, that whatever he touched with his finger immediately glistened, and grew yellow, and was changed at once into sterling metal, or, which suited him still better, into piles of coin. And, when Mr.

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Gathergold had become so very rich that it would have taken him a hundred years only to count his wealth, he bethought himself of his native valley, and resolved to go back thither, and end his days where he was born. With this purpose in view, he sent a skillful architect to build him such a palace as should be fit for a man of his vast wealth to live in.

As I have said above, it had already been rumored in the valley that Mr. Gathergold had turned out to be the prophetic personage so long and vainly looked for, and that his visage was the perfect and undeniable similitude of the Great Stone Face. People were the more ready to believe that this must needs be the fact, when they beheld the splendid edifice that rose, as if by enchantment, on the site of his father's old weather-beaten farmhouse. The exterior was of marble, so dazzlingly white that it seemed as though the whole structure might melt away in the sunshine, like those humbler ones which Mr. Gathergold, in his young play-days, before his fingers were gifted with the touch of transmutation, had been accustomed to build of snow. It had a richly ornamented portico, supported by tall pillars, beneath which was a lofty door, studded with silver knobs, and made of a kind

The Great Stone Face

of variegated wood that had been brought from beyond the sea. The windows, from the floor to the ceiling of each stately apartment, were composed, respectively, of but one enormous pane of glass, so transparently pure that it was said to be a finer medium than even the vacant atmosphere. Hardly anybody had been permitted to see the interior of this palace; but it was reported, and with good semblance of truth, to be far more gorgeous than the outside, insomuch that whatever was iron or brass in other houses was silver or gold in this; and Mr. Gathergold's bedchamber, especially, made such a glittering appearance that no ordinary man would have been able to close his eyes there. But, on the other hand, Mr. Gathergold was now so inured to wealth, that perhaps he could not have closed his eyes unless where the gleam of it was certain to find its way beneath his eyelids.

In due time, the mansion was finished; next came the upholsterers, with magnificent furniture; then, a whole troop of black and white servants, the harbingers of Mr. Gathergold, who, in his own majestic person, was expected to arrive at sunset. Our friend Ernest, meanwhile, had been deeply stirred by the idea that the great man, the noble man, the

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man of prophecy, after so many ages of delay, was at length to be made manifest to his native valley. He knew, boy as he was, that there were a thousand ways in which Mr. Gathergold, with his vast wealth, might transform himself into an angel of beneficence, and assume a control over human affairs as wide and benignant as the smile of the Great Stone Face. Full of faith and hope, Ernest doubted not that what the people said was true, and that now he was to behold the living likeness of those wondrous features on the mountain-side. While the boy was still gazing up the valley, and fancying, as he always did, that the Great Stone Face returned his gaze and looked kindly at him, the rumbling of wheels was heard, approaching swiftly along the winding road.

“Here he comes!” cried a group of people who were assembled to witness the arrival. “Here comes the great Mr. Gathergold!”

A carriage, drawn by four horses, dashed round the turn of the road. Within it, thrust partly out of the window, appeared the physiognomy of the old man, with a skin as yellow as if his own Midas-hand had transmuted it. He had a low forehead, small, sharp eyes, puckered about with innumerable wrinkles,

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and very thin lips, which he made still thinner by pressing them forcibly together.

“The very image of the Great Stone Face!” shouted the people. “Sure enough, the old prophecy is true; and here we have the great man come, at last!”

And, what greatly perplexed Ernest, they seemed actually to believe that here was the likeness which they spoke of. By the roadside there chanced to be an old beggar-woman and two little beggar-children, stragglers from some far-off region, who, as the carriage rolled onward, held out their hands and lifted up their doleful voices, most piteously beseeching charity. A yellow claw—the very same that had clawed together so much wealth—poked itself out of the coach window, and dropt some copper coins upon the ground; so that, though the great man’s name seems to have been Gathergold, he might just as suitably have been nicknamed Scattercopper. Still, nevertheless, with an earnest shout, and evidently with as much good faith as ever, the people bellowed,—

“He is the very image of the Great Stone Face!”

But Ernest turned sadly from the wrinkled shrewdness of that sordid visage, and gazed

The Great Stone Face

up the valley, where, amid a gathering mist, gilded by the last sunbeams, he could still distinguish those glorious features which had impressed themselves into his soul. Their aspect cheered him. What did the benign lips seem to say?

“He will come! Fear not, Ernest; the man will come!”

The years went on, and Ernest ceased to be a boy. He had grown to be a young man now. He attracted little notice from the other inhabitants of the valley; for they saw nothing remarkable in his way of life, save that, when the labor of the day was over, he still loved to go apart and gaze and meditate upon the Great Stone Face. According to their idea of the matter, it was a folly, indeed, but pardonable, inasmuch as Ernest was industrious, kind, and neighborly, and neglected no duty for the sake of indulging this idle habit. They knew not that the Great Stone Face had become a teacher to him, and that the sentiment which was expressed in it would enlarge the young man's heart, and fill it with wider and deeper sympathies than other hearts. They knew not that thence would come a better wisdom than could be learned from books, and a better life than could be moulded on the

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defaced example of other human lives. Neither did Ernest know that the thoughts and affections which came to him so naturally, in the fields and at the fireside, and wherever he communed with himself, were of a higher tone than those which all men shared with him. A simple soul,—simple as when his mother first taught him the old prophecy,—he beheld the marvelous features beaming adown the valley, and still wondered that their human counterpart was so long in making his appearance.

By this time poor Mr. Gathergold was dead and buried; and the oddest part of the matter was, that his wealth, which was the body and spirit of his existence, had disappeared before his death, leaving nothing of him but a living skeleton, covered over with a wrinkled, yellow skin. Since the melting away of his gold, it had been very generally conceded that there was no such striking resemblance, after all, betwixt the ignoble features of the ruined merchant and that majestic face upon the mountain-side. So the people ceased to honor him during his lifetime, and quietly consigned him to forgetfulness after his decease. Once in a while, it is true, his memory was brought up in connection with the magnificent palace

The Great Stone Face

which he had built, and which had long ago been turned into a hotel for the accommodation of strangers, multitudes of whom came, every summer, to visit that famous natural curiosity, the Great Stone Face. Thus, Mr. Gathergold being discredited and thrown into the shade, the man of prophecy was yet to come.

It so happened that a native-born son of the valley, many years before, had enlisted as a soldier, and, after a great deal of hard fighting, had now become an illustrious commander. Whatever he may be called in history, he was known in camps and on the battle-field under the nickname of old Blood-and-Thunder. This war-worn veteran, being now infirm with age and wounds, and weary of the turmoil of a military life, and of the roll of the drum and the clangor of the trumpet, that had so long been ringing in his ears, had lately signified a purpose of returning to his native valley, hoping to find repose where he remembered to have left it. The inhabitants, his old neighbors and their grown-up children, were resolved to welcome the renowned warrior with a salute of cannon and public dinner; and all the more enthusiastically, it being affirmed that now, at last, the likeness of the

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Great Stone Face had actually appeared. An aid-de-camp of Old Blood-and-Thunder, traveling through the valley, was said to have been struck with the resemblance. Moreover the schoolmates and early acquaintances of the general were ready to testify, on oath, that, to the best of their recollection, the aforesaid general had been exceedingly like the majestic image, even when a boy, only that the idea had never occurred to them at that period. Great, therefore, was the excitement throughout the valley; and many people, who had never once thought of glancing at the Great Stone Face for years before, now spent their time in gazing at it, for the sake of knowing exactly how General Blood-and-Thunder looked.

On the day of the great festival, Ernest, with all the other people of the valley, left his work, and proceeded to the spot where the sylvan banquet was prepared. As he approached, the loud voice of the Rev. Dr. Battleblast was heard, beseeching a blessing on the good things set before them, and on the distinguished friend of peace in whose honor they were assembled. The tables were arranged in a cleared space of the woods, shut in by the surrounding trees, except where a

The Great Stone Face

vista opened eastward, and afforded a distant view of the Great Stone Face. Over the general's chair, which was a relic from the home of Washington, there was an arch of verdant boughs, with the laurel profusely intermixed, and surmounted by his country's banner, beneath which he had won his victories. Our friend Ernest raised himself on his tiptoes, in hopes to get a glimpse of the celebrated guest; but there was a mighty crowd about the tables anxious to hear the toasts and speeches, and to catch any word that might fall from the general in reply; and a volunteer company, doing duty as a guard, pricked ruthlessly with their bayonets at any particularly quiet person among the throng. So Ernest, being of an unobtrusive character, was thrust quite into the background, where he could see no more of Old Blood-and-Thunder's physiognomy than if it had been still blazing on the battlefield. To console himself, he turned toward the Great Stone Face, which, like a faithful and long-remembered friend, looked back and smiled upon him through the vista of the forest. Meantime, however, he could overhear the remarks of various individuals, who were comparing the features of the hero with the face on the distant mountain-side.

The Great Stone Face

“’Tis the same face, to a hair!” cried one man, cutting a caper for joy.

“Wonderfully like, that’s a fact!” responded another.

“Like! why, I call it Old Blood-and-Thunder himself, in a monstrous looking-glass!” cried a third. “And why not? He’s the greatest man of this or any other age, beyond a doubt.”

And then all three of the speakers gave a great shout, which communicated electricity to the crowd, and called forth a roar from a thousand voices, that went reverberating for miles among the mountains, until you might have supposed that the Great Stone Face had poured its thunder-breath into the cry. All these comments, and this vast enthusiasm, served the more to interest our friend; nor did he think of questioning that now, at length, the mountain-visage had found its human counterpart. It is true, Ernest had imagined that this long-looked-for personage would appear in the character of a man of peace, uttering wisdom, and doing good, and making people happy. But, taking an habitual breadth of view, with all his simplicity, he contended that Providence should choose its own method of blessing mankind, and could

The Great Stone Face

conceive that this great end might be effected even by a warrior and a bloody sword, should inscrutable wisdom see fit to order matters so.

“The general! the general!” was now the cry. “Hush! silence! Old Blood-and-Thunder’s going to make a speech.”

Even so; for the cloth being removed, the general’s health had been drunk, amid shouts of applause, and he now stood upon his feet to thank the company. Ernest saw him. There he was, over the shoulders of the crowd, from the two glittering epaulets and embroidered collar upward, beneath the arch of green boughs with intertwined laurel, and the banner drooping as if to shade his brow! And there, too, visible in the same glance, through the vista of the forest, appeared the Great Stone Face! And was there, indeed, such a resemblance as the crowd had testified? Alas, Ernest could not recognize it! He beheld a war-worn and weather-beaten countenance, full of energy, and expressive of an iron will; but the gentle wisdom, the deep, broad, tender sympathies, were altogether wanting in Old Blood-and-Thunder’s visage; and even if the Great Stone Face had assumed his look of stern command, the milder traits would still have tempered it.

The Great Stone Face

“This is not the man of prophecy,” sighed Ernest to himself, as he made his way out of the throng. “And must the world wait longer yet?”

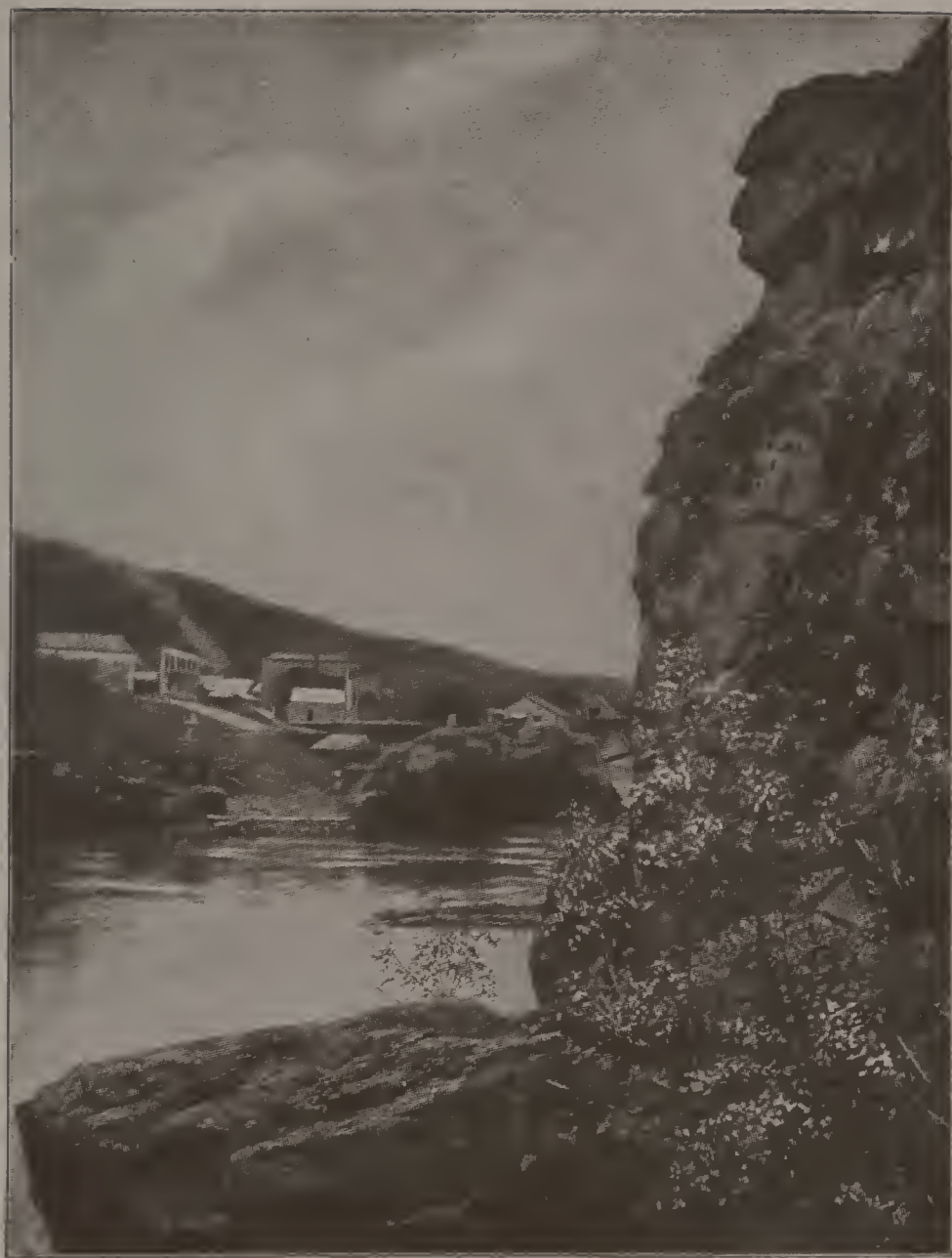
The mists had congregated about the distant mountain-side, and there were seen the grand and awful features of the Great Stone Face, awful but benignant, as if a mighty angel were sitting among the hills, and enrobing himself in a cloud-vesture of gold and purple. As he looked, Ernest could hardly believe but that a smile beamed over the whole visage, with a radiance still brightening, although without motion of the lips. It was probably the effect of the western sunshine, melting through the thinly diffused vapors that had swept between him and the object that he gazed at. But—as it always did—the aspect of his marvelous friend made Ernest as hopeful as if he had never hoped in vain.

“Fear not, Ernest,” said his heart, even as if the Great Face were whispering him,—“fear not, Ernest; he will come.”

More years sped swiftly and tranquilly away. Ernest still dwelt in his native valley, and was now a man of middle age. By imperceptible degrees, he had become known among the people. Now, as heretofore, he

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labored for his bread, and was the same simple-hearted man that he had always been. But he had thought and felt so much, he had given so many of the best hours of his life to unworldly hopes for some great good to mankind, that it seemed as though he had been talking with the angels, and had imbibed a portion of their wisdom unawares. It was visible in the calm and well-considered beneficence of his daily life, the quiet stream of which had made a wide, green margin all along its course. Not a day passed by, that the world was not the better because this man, humble as he was, had lived. He never stepped aside from his own path, yet would always reach a blessing to his neighbor. Almost involuntarily, too, he had become a preacher. The pure and high simplicity of his thought, which, as one of its manifestations, took shape in the good deeds that dropped silently from his hand, flowed also forth in speech. He uttered truths that wrought upon and moulded the lives of those who heard him. His auditors, it may be, never suspected that Ernest, their own neighbor and familiar friend, was more than an ordinary man; least of all did Ernest himself suspect it; but, inevitably as the murmur of a rivulet, came thoughts out



GREAT STONE FACE, DELLS OF THE ST. CROIX, WIS.

The Great Stone Face

of his mouth that no other human lips had spoken.

When the people's minds had had a little time to cool, they were ready enough to acknowledge their mistake in imagining a similarity between General Blood-and-Thunder's truculent physiognomy and the benign visage on the mountain-side. But now, again, there were reports and many paragraphs in the newspapers, affirming that the likeness of the Great Stone Face had appeared upon the broad shoulders of a certain eminent statesman. He, like Mr. Gathergold and Old Blood-and-Thunder, was a native of the valley, but had left it in his early days, and taken up the trades of law and politics. Instead of the rich man's wealth and the warrior's sword, he had but a tongue, and it was mightier than both together. So wonderfully eloquent was he, that whatever he might choose to say, his auditors had no choice but to believe him; wrong looked like right, and right like wrong; for when it pleased him, he could make a kind of illuminated fog with his mere breath, and obscure the natural daylight with it. His tongue, indeed, was a magic instrument: sometimes it rumbled like the thunder; sometimes it warbled like the sweetest music. It was

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the blast of war, — the song of peace; and it seemed to have a heart in it, when there was no such matter. In good truth, he was a wondrous man; and when his tongue had acquired him all other imaginable success, — when it had been heard in halls of state, and in the courts of princes and potentates, — after it had made him known all over the world, even as a voice crying from shore to shore, — it finally persuaded his countrymen to select him for the Presidency. Before this time, — indeed, as soon as he began to grow celebrated, — his admirers had found out the resemblance between him and the Great Stone Face; and so much were they struck by it, that throughout the country this distinguished gentleman was known by the name of Old Stony Phiz. The phrase was considered as giving a highly favorable aspect to his political prospects; for, as is likewise the case with the Popedom, nobody ever becomes President without taking a name other than his own.

While his friends were doing their best to make him President, Old Stony Phiz, as he was called, set out on a visit to the valley where he was born. Of course, he had no other object than to shake hands with his fellow-citizens, and neither thought nor cared

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about any effect which his progress through the country might have upon the election. Magnificent preparations were made to receive the illustrious statesman; a cavalcade of horsemen set forth to meet him at the boundary line of the State, and all the people left their business and gathered along the wayside to see him pass. Among these was Ernest. Though more than once disappointed, as we have seen, he had such a hopeful and confiding nature, that he was always ready to believe in whatever seemed beautiful and good. He kept his heart continually open, and thus was sure to catch the blessing from on high when it should come. So now again, as buoyantly as ever, he went forth to behold the likeness of the Great Stone Face.

The cavalcade came prancing along the road, with a great clattering of hoofs and a mighty cloud of dust, which rose up so dense and high that the visage of the mountain-side was completely hidden from Ernest's eyes. All the great men of the neighborhood were there on horseback; militia officers, in uniform; the member of Congress; the sheriff of the county; the editors of newspapers; and many a farmer, too, had mounted his patient steed, with his Sunday coat upon his back. It really

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was a very brilliant spectacle, especially as there were numerous banners flaunting over the cavalcade, on some of which were gorgeous portraits of the illustrious statesman and the Great Stone Face, smiling familiarly at one another, like two brothers. If the pictures were to be trusted, the mutual resemblance, it must be confessed, was marvelous. We must not forget to mention that there was a band of music, which made the echoes of the mountains ring and reverberate with the loud triumph of its strains; so that airy and soul-thrilling melodies broke out among all the heights and hollows, as if every nook of his native valley had found a voice, to welcome the distinguished guest. But the grandest effect was when the far-off mountain precipice flung back the music; for then the Great Stone Face itself seemed to be swelling the triumphant chorus, in acknowledgment that, at length, the man of prophecy was come.

All this while the people were throwing up their hats and shouting, with enthusiasm so contagious that the heart of Ernest kindled up, and he likewise threw up his hat, and shouted, as loudly as the loudest, "Huzza for the great man! Huzza for Old Stony Phiz!" But as yet he had not seen him.

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“Here he is, now!” cried those who stood near Ernest. “There! There! Look at Old Stony Phiz and then at the Old Man of the Mountain, and see if they are not as like as two twin brothers!”

In the midst of all this gallant array came an open barouche, drawn by four white horses; and in the barouche, with his massive head uncovered, sat the illustrious statesman, Old Stony Phiz himself.

“Confess it,” said one of Ernest’s neighbors to him, “the Great Stone Face has met its match at last!”

Now, it must be owned that, at his first glimpse of the countenance which was bowing and smiling from the barouche, Ernest did fancy that there was a resemblance between it and the old familiar face upon the mountain-side. The brow, with its massive depth and loftiness, and all the other features, indeed, were boldly and strongly hewn, as if in emulation of a more than heroic, of a Titanic, model. But the sublimity and stateliness, the grand expression of a divine sympathy, that illuminated the mountain visage and etherealized its ponderous granite substance into spirit, might here be sought in vain. Something had been originally left out, or had departed. And

The Great Stone Face

therefore the marvelously gifted statesman had always a weary gloom in the deep caverns of his eyes, as of a child that has outgrown its playthings, or a man of mighty faculties and little aims, whose life, with all its high performances, was vague and empty, because no high purpose had endowed it with reality.

Still, Ernest's neighbor was thrusting his elbow into his side, and pressing him for an answer.

"Confess! confess! Is not he the very picture of your Old Man of the Mountain?"

"No!" said Ernest, bluntly, "I see little or no likeness."

"Then so much the worse for the Great Stone Face!" answered his neighbor; and again he set up a shout for Old Stony Phiz.

But Ernest turned away, melancholy, and almost despondent: for this was the saddest of his disappointments, to behold a man who might have fulfilled the prophecy, and had not willed to do so. Meantime, the cavalcade, the banners, the music, and the barouches swept past him, with the vociferous crowd in the rear, leaving the dust to settle down, and the Great Stone Face to be revealed again,

The Great Stone Face

with the grandeur that it had worn for untold centuries.

“Lo, here I am, Ernest!” the benign lips seemed to say. “I have waited longer than thou, and am not yet weary. Fear not; the man will come.”

The years hurried onward, treading in their haste on one another's heels. And now they began to bring white hairs, and scatter them over the head of Ernest; they made reverend wrinkles across his forehead, and furrows in his cheeks. He was an aged man. But not in vain had he grown old: more than the white hairs on his head were the sage thoughts in his mind; his wrinkles and furrows were inscriptions that Time had graved, and in which he had written legends of wisdom that had been tested by the tenor of a life. And Ernest had ceased to be obscure. Unsought for, undesired, had come the fame which so many seek, and made him known in the great world, beyond the limits of the valley in which he had dwelt so quietly. College professors, and even the active men of cities, came from far to see and converse with Ernest; for the report had gone abroad that this simple husbandman had ideas unlike those of other men, not gained from books, but of a higher tone,—

The Great Stone Face

a tranquil and familiar majesty, as if he had been talking with the angels as his daily friends. Whether it were sage, statesman, or philanthropist, Ernest received these visitors with the gentle sincerity that had characterized him from boyhood, and spoke freely with them of whatever came uppermost, or lay deepest in his heart or their own. While they talked together, his face would kindle, unawares, and shine upon them, as with a mild evening light. Pensive with the fullness of such discourse, his guests took leave and went their way; and passing up the valley, paused to look at the Great Stone Face, imagining that they had seen its likeness in a human countenance, but could not remember where.

While Ernest had been growing up and growing old, a bountiful Providence had granted a new poet to this earth. He, likewise, was a native of the valley, but had spent the greater part of his life at a distance from that romantic region, pouring out his sweet music amid the bustle and din of cities. Often, however, did the mountains which had been familiar to him in his childhood lift their snowy peaks into the clear atmosphere of his poetry. Neither was the Great Stone Face

The Great Stone Face

forgotten, for the poet had celebrated it in an ode, which was grand enough to have been uttered by its own majestic lips. This man of genius, we may say, had come down from heaven with wonderful endowments. If he sang of a mountain, the eyes of all mankind beheld a mightier grandeur reposing on its breast, or soaring to its summit, than had before been seen there. If his theme were a lovely lake, a celestial smile had now been thrown over it, to gleam forever on its surface. If it were the vast old sea, even the deep immensity of its dread bosom seemed to swell the higher, as if moved by the emotions of the song. Thus the world assumed another and a better aspect from the hour that the poet blessed it with his happy eyes. The Creator had bestowed him, as the last best touch to his own handiwork. Creation was not finished till the poet came to interpret, and so complete it.

The effect was no less high and beautiful, when his human brethren were the subject of his verse. The man or woman, sordid with the common dust of life, who crossed his daily path, and the little child who played in it, were glorified if he beheld them in his mood of poetic faith. He showed the golden links

The Great Stone Face

of the great chain that intertwined them with an angelic kindred; he brought out the hidden traits of a celestial birth that made them worthy of such kin. Some, indeed, there were, who thought to show the soundness of their judgment by affirming that all the beauty and dignity of the natural world existed only in the poet's fancy. Let such men speak for themselves, who undoubtedly appear to have been spawned forth by Nature with a contemptuous bitterness; she having plastered them up out of her refuse stuff, after all the swine were made. As respects all things else, the poet's ideal was the truest truth.

The songs of this poet found their way to Ernest. He read them after his customary toil, seated on the bench before his cottage-door, where for such a length of time he had filled his repose with thought, by gazing at the Great Stone Face. And now as he read stanzas that caused the soul to thrill within him, he lifted his eyes to the vast countenance beaming on him so benignantly.

"O majestic friend," he murmured, addressing the Great Stone Face, "is not this man worthy to resemble thee?"

The Face seemed to smile, but answered not a word.

The Great Stone Face

Now it happened that the poet, though he dwelt so far away, had not only heard of Ernest, but had meditated much upon his character, until he deemed nothing so desirable as to meet this man, whose untaught wisdom walked hand in hand with the noble simplicity of his life. One summer morning, therefore, he took passage by the railroad, and, in the decline of the afternoon, alighted from the cars at no great distance from Ernest's cottage. The great hotel, which had formerly been the palace of Mr. Gathergold, was close at hand, but the poet, with his carpet bag on his arm, inquired at once where Ernest dwelt, and was resolved to be accepted as his guest.

Approaching the door, he there found the good old man, holding a volume in his hand, which alternately he read, and then, with a finger between the leaves, looked lovingly at the Great Stone Face.

"Good evening," said the poet. "Can you give a traveler a night's lodging?"

"Willingly," answered Ernest; and then he added, smiling, "Methinks I never saw the Great Stone Face look so hospitably at a stranger."

The poet sat down on the bench beside

The Great Stone Face

him, and he and Ernest talked together. Often had the poet held intercourse with the wittiest and the wisest, but never before with a man like Ernest, whose thoughts and feelings gushed up with such a natural freedom, and who made great truths so familiar by his simple utterance of them. Angels, as had been so often said, seemed to have wrought with him at his labor in the fields; angels seemed to have sat with him by the fireside; and, dwelling with angels as friend with friends, he had imbibed the sublimity of their ideas, and imbued it with the sweet and lowly charm of household words. So thought the poet. And Ernest, on the other hand, was moved and agitated by the living images which the poet flung out of his mind, and which peopled all the air about the cottage-door with shapes of beauty, both gay and pensive. The sympathies of these two men instructed them with a profounder sense than either could have attained alone. Their minds accorded into one strain, and made delightful music which neither of them could have claimed as all his own, nor distinguished his own share from the other's. They led one another, as it were, into a high pavilion of their thoughts, so remote, and hitherto so

The Great Stone Face

dim, that they had never entered it before, and so beautiful that they desired to be there always.

As Ernest listened to the poet, he imagined that the Great Stone Face was bending forward to listen, too. He gazed earnestly into the poet's glowing eyes.

"Who are you, my strangely gifted guest?" he said.

The poet laid his finger on the volume that Ernest had been reading.

"You have read these poems," said he. "You know me, then, — for I wrote them."

Again, and still more earnestly than before, Ernest examined the poet's features; then turned towards the Great Stone Face; then back, with an uncertain aspect, to his guest. But his countenance fell; he shook his head, and sighed.

"Wherefore are you sad?" inquired the poet.

"Because," replied Ernest, "all through life I have awaited the fulfillment of a prophecy; and, when I read these poems, I hoped that it might be fulfilled in you."

"You hoped," answered the poet, faintly smiling, "to find in me the likeness of the Great Stone Face. And you are disappointed,

The Great Stone Face

as formerly with Mr. Gathergold, and Old Blood-and-Thunder, and Old Stony Phiz. Yes, Ernest, it is my doom. You must add my name to the illustrious three, and record another failure of your hopes. For—in shame and sadness do I speak it, Ernest—I am not worthy to be typified by yonder benign and majestic image.”

“And why?” asked Ernest. He pointed to the volume. “Are not those thoughts divine?”

“They have a strain of the Divinity,” replied the poet. “You can hear in them the far-off echo of a heavenly song. But my life, dear Ernest, has not corresponded with my thought. I have had grand dreams, but they have been only dreams, because I have lived—and that, too, by my own choice—among poor and mean realities. Sometimes even—shall I dare to say it?—I lack faith in the grandeur, the beauty, and the goodness, which my own works are said to have made more evident in nature and in human life. Why, then, pure seeker of the good and true, shouldst thou hope to find me, in yonder image of the divine?”

The poet spoke sadly, and his eyes were dim with tears. So, likewise, were those of Ernest.

At the hour of sunset, as had long been his

The Great Stone Face

frequent custom, Ernest was to discourse to an assemblage of the neighboring inhabitants in the open air. He and the poet, arm in arm, still talking together as they went along, proceeded to the spot. It was a small nook among the hills, with a gray precipice behind, the stern front of which was relieved by the pleasant foliage of many creeping plants that made a tapestry for the naked rock, by hanging their festoons from all its rugged angles. At a small elevation above the ground, set in a rich framework of verdure, there appeared a niche, spacious enough to admit a human figure, with freedom for such gestures as spontaneously accompany earnest thought and genuine emotion. Into this natural pulpit Ernest ascended, and threw a look of familiar kindness around upon his audience. They stood, or sat, or reclined upon the grass, as seemed good to each, with the departing sunshine falling obliquely over them, and mingling its subdued cheerfulness with the solemnity of a grove of ancient trees, beneath and amid the boughs of which the golden rays were constrained to pass. In another direction was seen the Great Stone Face, with the same cheer, combined with the same solemnity, in its benignant aspect.

Ernest began to speak, giving to the people

The Great Stone Face

of what was in his heart and mind. His words had power, because they accorded with his thoughts; and his thoughts had reality and depth, because they harmonized with the life which he had always lived. It was not mere breath that this preacher uttered; they were the words of life, because a life of good deeds and holy love was melted into them. Pearls, pure and rich, had been dissolved into this precious draught. The poet, as he listened, felt that the being and character of Ernest were a nobler strain of poetry than he had ever written. His eyes glistening with tears, he gazed reverentially at the venerable man, and said within himself that never was there an aspect so worthy of a prophet and a sage as that mild, sweet, thoughtful countenance, with the glory of white hair diffused about it. At a distance, but distinctly to be seen, high up in the golden light of the setting sun, appeared the Great Stone Face, with hoary mists around it, like the white hairs around the brow of Ernest. Its look of grand beneficence seemed to embrace the world.

At that moment, in sympathy with a thought which he was about to utter, the face of Ernest assumed a grandeur of expression, so imbued with benevolence, that the poet, by an irresist-



THE OLD MANSE, CONCORD

The Great Stone Face

ible impulse, threw his arms aloft, and shouted,—

“Behold ! Behold ! Ernest is himself the likeness of the Great Stone Face !”

Then all the people looked, and saw that what the deep-sighted poet said was true. The prophecy was fulfilled. But Ernest, having finished what he had to say, took the poet's arm, and walked slowly homeward, still hoping that some wiser and better man than himself would by and by appear, bearing a resemblance to the GREAT STONE FACE.

Study of The Great Stone Face

Now read the story through again and again, each time with the idea of verifying or improving the statements in one or more of the topics in the following study. In these latter readings learn to skip quickly all those parts that do not refer to the point you have in mind. Train your eye to see at a glance what a paragraph relates to, whether it be to a person or to the development of the plot. The first time, you perused the story carefully word by word for a general impression—now you read to find what is said here and there on a particular subject. The attitude of your mind has changed. At first it was merely receptive, now it inquires and weighs.

1. THE PERSONS. The chief person is Ernest himself. He appears in the story at first as a little boy sitting with his mother at the door of his cottage, and deeply interested in the Great Stone Face, which, though it remains immovable at the end of the valley, is in itself almost a living person. Ernest grows up under our eyes, changing from the pensive child to the quiet, unobtrusive boy, having no other teacher than the Great Stone Face. Later we see him as a young man, as a middle-aged man, and as an old man hopefully waiting, though often despondent in his anticipa-

Study of The Great Stone Face

tion of the fulfillment of the prophecy. He is a middle-aged man when fame comes to him, and though he labors for his bread and remains the same simple-hearted man, yet to others it seems as though he has been talking with the angels and has imbibed a portion of their wisdom unawares. In the last scene of the story, he is a venerable man with a glory of white hair diffused about his sweet, thoughtful countenance, which bears an aspect worthy of a prophet and a sage.

As secondary characters, we see introduced one after the other, Gathergold, Old Blood-and-Thunder, Old Stony Phiz, and The Poet. The first is a "shrewd and active man who was endowed by Providence with that inscrutable faculty which develops itself in what the world calls luck." The whole world has yielded him its tribute until it may be said of him, as of Midas in the fable, that whatever he touches with his finger immediately glistens and turns into piles of coin. Hawthorne pictures him "with a skin as yellow as if his own Midas hand had transmuted it. He had a low forehead, small, sharp eyes, puckered about with innumerable wrinkles, and very thin lips which he made still thinner by pressing them forcibly together." His hand is like a yellow claw.

Old Blood-and-Thunder is infirm with age and wounds, weary of the turmoil of military life. Still he is tall and stately, and when he stands up at the

Study of The Great Stone Face

banquet he is seen over the shoulders of the crowd, and his face assumes a look of strong command, not tempered by any milder traits.

Old Stony Phiz is neither rich nor warlike, but he is an orator, mightier than the miser and the warrior. His tongue is like a magic instrument. Sometimes it rumbles like the thunder, and "sometimes it warbles like the sweetest music." In the barouche he sits with his head uncovered; "the brow with its massive depth and loftiness, and all the other features, indeed, were boldly and strongly hewn, as if in emulation of a more than heroic, of a Titanic, model." But something has been left out originally, or has departed so that there is a weary gloom in the deep caverns of his eyes as of a child that has outgrown its playthings.

Of the Poet's personal appearance Hawthorne says little, but he lauds his skill as a versifier so highly that we are inclined to believe the Poet a most attractive man.

2. CHARACTER AND ITS DEVELOPMENT. This story is one that deals particularly with the development of a character. The boy, simple, gentle, and refined, was thrown under the influence of, and in almost daily contact with, one of the sublimest phenomena in nature. By conversation with his mother he learned to love and be in sympathy with this almost human face, and his hopes and aspirations all centered in the realization of the prophecy. He met Gathergold, the personifi-

Study of The Great Stone Face

cation of wealth, and at first was hopeful because of the possibilities that he thought lay before one who had such means. Ultimately he saw the hollowness of the miser's pretensions, and grew the better for this acquaintance with the world. When Old Blood-and-Thunder came, Ernest hoped that in spite of the bloody career the man had had, there might be in him the power for good that so high an ideal must possess. But he was not carried away by the plaudits of the people; he clung more closely to his conception, and his character came from this test stronger even than before. Though there was much for him to admire in the character of Old Stony Phiz, yet the fame that came through his marvelous oratory was as nothing to Ernest when he found that heart-power, and love for mankind were lacking. By constantly cherishing his high ideal, and by the long periods of reflection in which he seemed to commune with the spirit of the Great Stone Face, his ideas, not gained from books, were raised to a higher tone and acquired a tranquil and familiar majesty as if he had made the angels his daily friends. It was in the Poet that Ernest found a man most nearly to his satisfaction. His sympathies were strongly enlisted, and had it not been for the confession of the Poet himself, Ernest might have hailed him as the realization of his prophecy, but when the Poet explained his own character, Ernest recognized the weakness, and gave up regretfully

Study of The Great Stone Face

the hope he had cherished. By these experiences Ernest himself grew steadily like the ideal he had so long held, and when at the last he stood in his rock-bound pulpit, the influences of nature had made him fully the personification of what was typified in the Great Stone Face. But his modesty prevented him from feeling this, and he remained simple, quiet, and kindly, hoping that some man wiser and better than himself would by and by appear.

Hawthorne describes the character of each person he introduces, and leaves very little to be learned through their conversation and their acts. They conduct themselves in harmony with his descriptions, but they speak and act solely for the purpose of throwing light upon the character of Ernest.

3. EMOTIONS INVOLVED. In Gathergold are avarice and thirst for wealth, Old Blood-and-Thunder is ambitious and hungry for power, Old Stony Phiz is selfish and disappointed, the Poet is a dreamer and false to his high ideals, yet these traits do not impress the reader except as they affect Ernest in his veneration for truth, and his love of mankind. When the reading is finished one finds himself convinced of the sincerity of Ernest, and mastered by admiration for the man who followed his ideals so closely, and realized them so completely.

4. THE PLOT. Among Hawthorne's notes is

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the following paragraph, written long before the story was completed, which contains the plot in as simple a form as we can give it: —

“The semblance of a human face to be formed on the side of a mountain, or in the fracture of a small stone, by a *lusus naturæ* (freak of nature). The face is an object of curiosity for years or centuries, and by and by a boy is born whose features gradually assume the aspect of that portrait. At some critical juncture the resemblance is found to be perfect. A prophecy may be connected.”

Hawthorne carried out his plan almost to the letter, though he has made the face more than an object of curiosity, and has put into the plot the one thought that the boy's features gradually assumed the aspect of the face because of his love for nature and because he followed closely his high ideals.

5. THE SCENE. The scene of this entire story is in a spacious valley surrounded by lofty mountains. Some of the people were poor and dwelt in log huts. Others had comfortable farm houses, and others again were gathered into populous villages. At the head of this valley was the wonderful Great Stone Face, resembling the likeness of a Titan on the face of the precipice. When the spectator was near at hand he lost some of the outline of this gigantic visage, but further away it seemed altogether like a human face, and as it

Study of The Great Stone Face

grew dim in the remote distance with the clouds and glorified vapor of the mountains clustering about it, it seemed actually alive.

But each important event in the story has its own stage setting. Mr. Gathergold is introduced in his marvelous marble palace so dazzlingly white that it seemed as though the whole structure might melt away in sunshine. Hawthorne has described this in detail, and makes it all contribute to our appreciation of the fact that Gathergold's whole soul was in his riches; he could not close his eyes except where the gleam of gold was certain to find its way beneath his eyelids. It is at a banquet where the tables are arranged in a cleared space of the woods, shut in by surrounding trees with a vista opening eastward toward the Great Stone Face, that Blood-and-Thunder is introduced to Ernest. Old Stony Phiz comes to him in a great cavalcade prancing along the road with the noisy clattering of hoofs and a mighty cloud of dust. Hawthorne makes much of the brilliant spectacle and describes the people, the banners, the pictures, and the triumphant music that echoed in airy and soul-thrilling melodies from the heights and hollows of the mountains. But he is particular to tell us that the dust from this cavalcade hid completely from Ernest's eyes the visage on the mountainside.

To Ernest's own humble home the Poet comes, and takes his place at the hearthstone. Haw-

Study of The Great Stone Face

thorne says little or nothing of the surroundings, and the attention of the reader is centered in the two men and their conversation.

6. LOCAL COLORING. There are no striking effects in this story. It is simple, commonplace, and might have been located with equal propriety in a valley in any of the Eastern States. There is nothing that fixes it definitely in any place, though people have thought that Hawthorne might have had in his mind the "Old Man of the Mountain" or the profile in the Franconia Notch of the White Mountains, for we know that Hawthorne had visited these mountains in his occasional rambles from home. There are passages tracing the character of Old Stony Phiz that make one think of Webster, and Emerson might almost have sat for the portrait of Ernest. But we have no right to assume that his characters were meant to typify any persons whom Hawthorne had known in actual life.

Not only is there nothing which fixes *The Great Stone Face* in any particular place, but there are in the writing few touches of local coloring that offer even an indirect suggestion as to the place, or even country, where the events occurred. The people speak good English, showing education and cultivation, and there are no marked colloquialisms or peculiarities in dialect. A few expressions like *cutting a caper* would tend to locate the story in New England. There is nothing

Study of The Great Stone Face

unconventional in the dress nor peculiar in the manners of the people.

7. PURPOSE AND LESSON. It is evident that Hawthorne had a distinct purpose in the creation of this story. That purpose has been sufficiently explained in the discussion of the plot in this study. We are able to see here how a somewhat fanciful idea entering the sensitive mind of an author creates the desire to elaborate the idea in the form of a story. We feel certain that the idea exerted an influence over Hawthorne himself, and the charming way in which he has wrought out the story impresses itself with almost equal force upon us. We are willing to accept at his hands the lesson which he teaches so plainly. There must be a lesson in the story for all of us, but what it is for the individual reader no one but himself can tell, and we can not make it more clear to him by comment nor strengthen it by explanation.

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE



SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

Narrative Poetry

Any narrative poem is first of all a story, and before the reader can fully appreciate it in all its literary beauty, he must make himself acquainted with it in the same way that we have studied *The Great Stone Face*.

The example we take for analysis is in most striking contrast to the story we have just discussed, and it illustrates forcibly how heavy are the demands sometimes made upon a reader's imagination.

The Ancient Mariner may not be a perfect type of the narrative poem, but it has a distinct plot upon which hangs much of the weird interest the poem creates. We will read it this time for the story, omitting for the once any serious consideration of its troubled philosophy and uncanny suggestion. Make preliminary preparation for this as for *The Great Stone Face* by reading the poem from the beginning continuously to the end. In reading do not try to make any explanation of the supernatural events. Let your imagination run riot, and for the time believe in all the weird creations. Later, if you wish, you can attempt to harmonize it with real life and try to understand its import.

Narrative Poetry

It is especially to be considered that the author of *The Ancient Mariner* was but twenty-six years of age when the poem was published and that, consequently, one is not justified in trying to discover in his lines points of correspondence between his unfortunate later career and the life of the old sailor represented in the narrative.

If you feel interested in learning of the source from which the essential ideas in the plot were obtained, read the paragraph beginning at the bottom of page 284 in this volume.

As the setting of this poem proves perplexing to some students, it may be well to state that the ancient sailor introduced in the first line is doomed to ceaseless wandering and remorse because of wanton crime. He stops one of three guests who are on their way to [a wedding; and almost at the very door of the bridegroom's home narrates to his reluctant listener the sorrowful account of his misdeed and its punishment. From time to time, sounds of the merriment and the music made by the wedding party, as well as exclamations of horror uttered by the belated guest, interrupt the Mariner's recital.

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner

PART I

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
“By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp’st thou me?

“The bridegroom’s doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
May’st hear the merry din.”

He holds him with a skinny hand,
“There was a ship,” quoth he.
“Hold off! unhand me, gray-beard loon!”
Eftsoons¹ his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The Wedding-guest stood still,
And listens like a three years’ child:
The Mariner hath his will.

1. Quickly.

NOTE. Coleridge printed an explanatory prose narrative in quaint style and broken sentences, in the margin of the poem. It was omitted here because it interfered somewhat with the purpose for which we use the poem.

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner

The Wedding-guest sat on a stone :
He can not choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner :—

The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he !
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon—
The Wedding-guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-guest he beat his breast,
Yet he can not choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner :—

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner

And now the storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong :
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who² pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,

The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.
And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold :
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

And through the drifts, the snowy clifts³
Did send a dismal sheen :
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around :
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound!⁴

2. As [one] who is pursued.

3. Cliffs—cliffs are cleft rocks.

4. Like noises [one hears] in a swoon.

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner

At length did cross an Albatross,
Thorough⁵ the fog it came ;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit ;
The helmsman steered us through.

And a good south wind sprung up behind ;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo !

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine ;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white moonshine.

“God save thee, ancient Mariner,
From the fiends that plague thee thus ! —
Why look'st thou so ?” — With my cross-bow
I shot the Albatross.⁶

5. Through. *Thorough* to preserve the meter.

6. A great sea-bird, the largest known. It sometimes follows a ship for days without resting.

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner

PART II

The sun now rose upon the right
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in the mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day for food or play
Came to the mariner's hollo !

And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe :
For all averred I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow,—
Ah wretch ! said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow.

Nor dim, nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious sun uprist :⁷
Then all averred I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.

7. Uprose.

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free ;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be ;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea !

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,⁸
No bigger than the moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion ;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink ;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot : O Christ !
That ever this should be !
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

8. Where is the ship now ?

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner

About, about, in reel and rout⁹
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

And some in dreams assured were
Of the spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

Ah ! well a day ! what evil looks
Had I from old and young !
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung.

9. A confused and whirling dance.

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner

PART III

There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time ! a weary time !
How glazed each weary eye !
When looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist :
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.¹⁰

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist !
And still it neared and neared :
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged, and tacked, and veered.

With throats unslacked, with black lips baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail ;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood !
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, A sail ! a sail !

With throats unslacked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call :

¹⁰. Knew.

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner

Gramercy ! ¹¹ they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

See ! see ! (I cried) she tacks no more !
Hither to work us weal ;
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel !

The western wave was all a-flame,
The day was well-nigh done !
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad, bright sun ;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the sun.

And straight the sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven's Mother send us grace !)
As if through a dungeon grate he peered
With broad and burning face.

Alas ! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
How fast she nears and nears !
Are those her sails that glance in the sun,
Like restless gossameres ? ¹²

Are those her ribs through which the sun
Did peer, as through a grate ?

11. An exclamation derived from the French *grand merci*, great thanks.

12. Films like cobwebs, seen floating in the air in summer.

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner

And is that Woman all her crew ?
Is that a Death ? and are there two ?
Is Death that woman's mate ?

Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold:
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The night-mare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice;
"The game is done ! I've won, I've won !"
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

The sun's rim dips: the stars rush out:
At one stride comes the dark;¹³
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the spectre-bark.

We listened and looked sideways up !
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip !
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed
white;
From the sails the dew did drip —
Till clomb¹⁴ above the eastern bar

13. In the tropics there is little or no twilight.

14. Climbed.

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner

The horned moon,¹⁵ with one bright star
Within the the nether tip.

One by one, by the star-dogged moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

Four times fifty living men,
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan)
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

The souls did from their bodies fly,—
They fled to bliss or woe !
And every soul, it passed me by,
Like the whiz of my cross-bow !

15. The waning moon.

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner

PART IV

“I fear thee, ancient Mariner !
I fear thy skinny hand !
And thou art long, and lank and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand so brown.”
Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-guest !
This body dropt not down.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea !
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

The many men, so beautiful !
And they all dead did lie:
And a thousand, thousand slimy things
Lived on; and so did I.

I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

I looked to heaven, and tried to pray
But or ever a prayer had gusht,

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner

A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the
sky,
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they:
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh ! more horrible than that
Is the curse in a dead man's eye !
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

The moving moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide:
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside —

Her beams bemock'd the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread;

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner

But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmed water burnt alway
A still and awful red.

Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watched the water-snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire:
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy, living things ! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware:
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

The selfsame moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner

PART V

O sleep ! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole !
To Mary Queen the praise be given !
She sent the gentle sleep from heaven,
That slid into my soul.

The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew;
And when I awoke, it rained.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs:
I was so light — almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

And soon I heard a roaring wind:
It did not come anear;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner

The upper air burst into life !
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried about !
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge :
And the rain poured down from one black
cloud :
The moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The moon was at its side :
Like water shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on !
Beneath the lightning and the moon
The dead men gave a groan.

They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes ;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner

The helmsman steered; the ship moved on;
Yet never a breeze up blew;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do;
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools —
We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son
Stood by me, knee to knee :
The body and I pulled at one rope,
But he said naught to me.

“I fear thee, ancient Mariner !”
Be calm, thou Wedding-guest !
'T was not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corses came again,
But a troop of spirits blest :

For when it dawned — they dropped their
arms,
And clustered round the mast ;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies passed.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the sun ;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the sky-lark sing ;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning !

And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute ;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased ; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe :
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The spirit slid : and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner

The sun, right up above the mast,
Had fixed her to the ocean:
But in a minute she 'gan stir,
With a short, uneasy motion—
Backwards and forwards half her length
With a short, uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound:
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swoond.

How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare;
But ere my living life returned,
I heard, and in my soul discerned,
Two voices in the air.

“Is it he?” quoth one, “Is this the man?
By him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless Albatross.

“The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow.”

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner

The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew:
Quoth he, "The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do."

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner

PART VI

FIRST VOICE

But tell me, tell me! speak again,
Thy soft response renewing—
What makes that ship drive on so fast?
What is the ocean doing?

SECOND VOICE

Still as a slave before his lord,
The ocean hath no blast;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the moon is cast—

If he may know which way to go;
For she guides him smooth or grim.
See, brother, see! how graciously
She looketh down on him.

FIRST VOICE

But why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wave or wind?

SECOND VOICE

The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind.

Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high!
Or we shall be belated:

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner

For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the mariner's trance is abated.

I woke, and we were sailing on
As in a gentle weather :
'T was night, calm night, the moon was high;
The dead men stood together.

All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon¹⁶ fitter:
All fixed on me their stony eyes,
That in the moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they died,
Had never passed away:
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

And now this spell was snapt: once more
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen —

Like one, that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round walks on,
And turns no more his head;

¹⁶. A vault or chamber underneath or near a church, where the bones of the dead are laid.

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner

Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made:
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
Like a meadow-gale of spring —
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too:
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze —
On me alone it blew.

Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
The lighthouse top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?

We drifted o'er the harbour-bar,
And I with sobs did pray —
O let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep alway.

The harbour-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn!

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner

And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock:
The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent light,
Till rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colours came.

A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were :
I turned my eyes upon the deck—
O Christ ! what saw I there !

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And, by the holy rood ! ¹⁷
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each waved his hand :
It was a heavenly sight !
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light ;

This seraph-band, each waved his hand :
No voice did they impart—

¹⁷. Holy Cross.

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner

No voice ; but oh ! the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

, But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the Pilot's cheer ;
My head was turned perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

The Pilot and the Pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast :
Dear Lord in Heaven ! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third — I heard his voice :
It is the Hermit good !
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood.
He'll shrive my soul, he'll wash away
The Albatross's blood.

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner

PART VII

This Hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears !
He loves to talk with marineres
That come from a far countree.

He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve —
He hath a cushion plump :
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak-stump.

The skiff-boat neared : I heard them talk,
“Why, this is strange, I trow !
Where are those lights so many and fair,
That signal made but now ?”

“Strange, by my faith !” the Hermit said —
“And they answered not our cheer.
The planks look warped ! and see those sails,
How thin they are and sere !
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were

“Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest brook along ;

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner

When the ivy-tod¹⁸ is heavy with snow,
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,
That eats the she-wolf's young."

"Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look —
(The Pilot made reply)
I am a-feared" — "Push on, push on!"
Said the Hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread:
It reached the ship, it split the bay;
The ship went down like lead.

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drowned
My body lay afloat;
But swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the Pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl where sank the ship,
The boat spun round and round;

¹⁸. Thick clump of ivy.

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner

And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips — the Pilot shrieked
And fell down in a fit;
The Holy Hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit.

I took the oars : the Pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro.
“Ha ! ha !” quoth he, “full plain I see,
The Devil knows how to row.”

And now, all in my own countree,
I stood on the firm land !
The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

“O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man !”
The Hermit crossed his brow.
“Say quick,” quoth he, “I bid thee say —
What manner of man art thou ?”

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woeful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale;
And then it left me free.

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner

Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns :
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from that door !
The Wedding-guests are there :
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bridemaids singing are :
And hark the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer !

O Wedding-guest ! This soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea:
So lonely 't was, that God himself
Scarce seeméd there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage feast,
'T is sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company !

To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner

While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay !

Farewell, farewell ! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding-guest !
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small ;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone : and now the Wedding-guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn :
A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn.

Study of The Rime of the Ancient Mariner

This time we will not divide our discussion by the several topics of the outline, but will cover the points in continuous narration. As far as possible verify or successfully contradict from the poem the statements and conclusions that follow.

A more weird and striking creation than Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner* is difficult to find. "Long, lank and brown, as is the ribbed seasand," with his skinny hand, long gray beard, and glittering eye he passes like night from land to land and tells his tale to the men that should hear him. Despite its confusing and uncanny setting the story is a simple one. He kills a bird of good omen and in so doing offends its guardian spirit. His shipmates for a penalty hang the dead body about his neck, the spirit follows the ship and takes its revenge. All the sailors but the offender die of thirst. In a moment of admiration for the beauty of the water snakes he blesses them unawares and the bird falls from his neck into the sea. The mariner's life is spared, but bitter remorse continues as his punishment.

By a happy choice of quaint expressions and solemn forms of speech, and by the use of rare and obsolete words Coleridge manages to give an

Study of The Ancient Mariner

atmosphere perfectly in harmony with his principal characters. Then he introduces supernatural creatures: Two voices discuss the causes of the marvelous voyage of the ship. Death and a fearful specter with skin as white as leprosy cast dice for the mariner's fate. Seraphs reanimate the bodies of the sailors. A spirit from the land of mist and snow follows the ship nine fathoms deep. The ship moves on "without or wind or wave," and reaches the harbor from which it sailed though now its sails are "thin" and "sere" like —

"Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest brook along;
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,
That eats the she-wolf's young."

The mariner tells his story within hearing of the wedding feast. The ship sails to the south and enters the land of mist and snow where ice, mast high and green as emerald, floats by; it returns to the tropics and in the zone of calms lies idle "as a painted ship upon a painted ocean." By means of these most vivid descriptions the reader sees the ice-bound ocean, the rotting sea, the beautiful phosphorescence, the moonlit harbor. Some of the musical descriptive lines haunt one's memory, and the pictures they raise are never effaced: —

Study of The Ancient Mariner

“And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen:”

“All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody sun at noon,”

“The sun’s rim dips; the stars rush out:
At one stride comes the dark.”

Perhaps no one scene is more vivid than the one which is described in Part IV. Then, after the horror of that awful voyage what peace rests upon the little harbor at home:—

“The harbour-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn!
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock:
The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock.”

The story is intensely dramatic at times, as when the mariner having described the albatross and the good luck it brought, seems overcome by some fearful recollection and pauses in his narrative.

“God save thee, ancient Mariner!
From the fiends that plague thee thus!—
Why lookest thou so?”—

Study of The Ancient Mariner

Coleridge indulges in no description, does not even interrupt the musical flow of the stanza, but makes the 'mariner abruptly close that part of the poem with the startling announcement, "With my cross-bow I shot the Albatross."

These are but a few of the things that go to make this poem so remarkable. To give so convincing an air of reality to what is wholly imaginary is a mark of genius, and surely there could be no more effective way of presenting the lesson than this :—

“Farewell, farewell ! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding-guest !
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small ;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.”

Enoch Arden

ALFRED TENNYSON



THE RETURN OF THE FISHERMAN

Enoch Arden

LONG lines of cliff breaking have left a
chasm ;
And in the chasm are foam and yellow sands ;
Beyond, red roofs about a narrow wharf
In cluster ; then a moulder'd church ; and
higher
A long street climbs to one tall-tower'd mill ;
And high in heaven behind it, a gray down
With Danish barrows,¹ and a hazelwood,
By autumn nutters haunted, flourishes
Green in a cup-like hollow of the down.

Here on this beach a hundred years ago,
Three children of three houses, Annie Lee,
The prettiest little damsel in the port,
And Philip Ray, the miller's only son,
And Enoch Arden, a rough sailor's lad
Made orphan by a winter shipwreck, play'd
Among the waste and lumber of the shore,
Hard coils of cordage, swarthy fishing-nets,
Anchors of rusty fluke, and boats updrawn ;
And built their castles of dissolving sand

1. Burial mounds supposed to have been made at the time England was invaded by the Danes.

Enoch Arden

To watch them overflow'd, or following up
And flying the white breaker, daily left
The little footprint daily wash'd away.

A narrow cave ran in beneath the cliff ;
In this the children played at keeping house.
Enoch was host one day, Philip the next,
While Annie still was mistress ; but at times
Enoch would hold possession for a week :
“This is my house and this my little wife.”
“Mine too,” said Philip, “turn and turn
about : ”

When if they quarrell'd, Enoch stronger **made**
Was master : then would Philip, his blue eyes
All flooded with the helpless wrath of tears,
Shriek out, “I hate you, Enoch,” and at this
The little wife would weep for company,
And pray them not to quarrel for her sake,
And say she would be little wife to both.

But when the dawn of rosy childhood past,
And the new warmth of life's ascending sun
Was felt by either, either fixt his heart
On that one girl ; and Enoch spoke his love,
But Philip loved in silence ; and the girl
Seem'd kinder unto Philip than to him ;
But she loved Enoch : tho' she knew it not,
And would if ask'd deny it. Enoch set

Enoch Arden

A purpose evermore before his eyes,
To hoard all savings to the uttermost,
To purchase his own boat, and make a home
For Annie: and so prosper'd that at last
A luckier or a bolder fisherman,
A carefuller in peril, did not breathe
For leagues along that breaker-beaten coast
Than Enoch. Likewise had he served a year
On board a merchantman, and made himself
Full sailor; and he thrice had pluck'd a life
From the dread sweep of the down-streaming
seas:

And all men look'd upon him favorably:
And ere he touch'd his one-and-twentieth May
He purchased his own boat, and made a home
For Annie, neat and nestlike, half way up
The narrow street that clamber'd toward the
mill.

Then, on a golden autumn eventide,
The younger people making holiday,
With bag and sack and basket, great and
small,
Went nutting to the hazels. Philip stay'd
(His father lying sick and needing him)
An hour behind; but as he climb'd the hill,
Just where the prone edge of the wood began
To feather toward the hollow, saw the pair

Enoch Arden

Enoch and Annie, sitting hand-in-hand,
His large gray eyes and weather-beaten face
All-kindled by a still and sacred fire,
That burn'd as on an altar. Philip look'd,
And in their eyes and faces read his doom;
Then, as their faces drew together, groan'd
And slipt aside, and like a wounded life
Crept down into the hollows of the wood;
There, while the rest were loud in merry-
making,
Had his dark hour unseen, and rose and past
Bearing a lifelong hunger in his heart.

So these were wed, and merrily rang the
bells,
And merrily ran the years, seven happy years,
Seven happy years of health and competence,
And mutual love and honorable toil;
With children; first a daughter. In him
woke,
With his first babe's first cry, the noble wish
To save all earnings to the uttermost,
And give his child a better bringing-up
Than his had been, or hers; a wish renew'd,
When two years after came a boy to be
The rosy idol of her solitudes,
While Enoch was abroad on wrathful seas,
Or often journeying landward; for in truth

Enoch Arden

Enoch's white horse, and Enoch's ocean-spoil
In ocean-smelling osier,² and his face,
Rough-redden'd with a thousand winter gales,
Not only to the market cross³ were known,
But in the leafy lanes behind the down,
Far as the portal-warding lion-whelp⁴
And peacock-yewtree⁵ of the lonely Hall,
Whose Friday fare was Enoch's ministering.

Then came a change, as all things human
change.

Ten miles to northward of the narrow port
Open'd a larger haven: thither used
Enoch at times to go by land or sea;
And once when there, and clambering on a
mast

In harbor, by mischance he slipt and fell:
A limb was broken when they lifted him;
And while he lay recovering there, his wife
Bore him another son, a sickly one:
Another hand crept too across his trade
Taking her bread and theirs: and on him fell,

2. Basket made from osiers.

3. In many of the old English villages is a public square used as a market place. In the center of this frequently stands a large stone cross, perhaps overshadowing a drinking place for cattle and a fountain for men.

4. Over the doorway of the hall was a lion-whelp, probably carved in stone, and signifying guardianship.

5. In the old gardens trees were often trimmed into fanciful shapes. Here was one in the form of a peacock.

Enoch Arden

Altho' a grave and staid God-fearing man,
Yet lying thus inactive, doubt and gloom.
He seem'd, as in a nightmare of the night,
To see his children leading evermore
Low miserable lives of hand-to-mouth,
And her he loved, a beggar: then he pray'd
"Save them from this, whatever comes to me."
And while he pray'd, the master of that ship
Enoch had served in, hearing his mischance,
Came, for he knew the man and valued him,
Reporting of his vessel China-bound,
And wanting yet a boatswain. Would he go?
There yet were many weeks before she sail'd,
Sail'd from this port. Would Enoch have the
place?
And Enoch all at once assented to it,
Rejoicing at that answer to his prayer.

So now that shadow of mischance appear'd
No graver than as when some little cloud
Cuts off the fiery highway of the sun,
And isles a light⁶ in the offing: yet the wife —
When he was gone — the children — what to do?
Then Enoch lay long-pondering on his plans;
To sell the boat — and yet he loved her well —
How many a rough sea had he weather'd in
her!

6. The shadow of a cloud resembles an island out at sea.

Enoch Arden

He knew her, as a horseman knows his horse —
And yet to sell her—then with what she
brought

Buy goods and stores—set Annie forth in
trade

With all that seamen needed or their wives—
So might she keep the house while he was
gone.

Should he not trade himself out yonder? go
This voyage more than once? yea, twice or
thrice—

As oft as needed — last, returning rich,
Become the master of a larger craft,
With fuller profits lead an easier life,
Have all his pretty young ones educated,
And pass his days in peace among his own.

Thus Enoch in his heart determined all:
Then moving homeward came on Annie pale,
Nursing the sickly babe, her latest-born.
Forward she started with a happy cry,
And laid the feeble infant in his arms;
Whom Enoch took, and handled all his limbs,
Appraised his weight and fondled father-like,
But had no heart to break his purposes
To Annie, till the morrow, when he spoke.

Then first since Enoch's golden ring had girt
Her finger, Annie fought against his will:

Enoch Arden

Yet not with brawling opposition she,
But manifold entreaties, many a tear,
Many a sad kiss by day by night renew'd
(Sure that all evil would come out of it)
Besought him, supplicating, if he cared
For her or his dear children, not to go.
He not for his own self caring but her,
Her and her children, let her plead in vain;
So grieving held his will, and bore it thro'.

For Enoch parted with his old sea-friend,
Bought Annie goods and stores, and set his
hand

To fit their little streetward sitting-room
With shelf and corner for the goods and stores.
So all day long till Enoch's last at home,
Shaking their pretty cabin, hammer and axe,
Auger and saw, while Annie seemed to hear
Her own death-scaffold raising, shrill'd and
rang,

Till this was ended, and his careful hand,—
The space was narrow,—having order'd all
Almost as neat and close as Nature packs
Her blossom or her seedling, paused ; and he,
Who needs would work for Annie to the last,
Ascending tired, heavily slept till morn.

And Enoch faced this morning of farewell
Brightly and boldly. All his Annie's fears,

Enoch Arden

Save as his Annie's, were a laughter to him.
Yet Enoch as a brave God-fearing man
Bow'd himself down, and in that mystery
Where God-in-man is one with man-in-God,
Pray'd for a blessing on his wife and babes,
Whatever came to him: and then he said
"Annie, this voyage by the grace of God
Will bring fair weather yet to all of us.
Keep a clean hearth and a clear fire for me,
For I'll be back, my girl, before you know it."
Then lightly rocking baby's cradle, "and he,
This pretty, puny, weakly little one,—
Nay—for I love him all the better for it—
God bless him, he shall sit upon my knees
And I will tell him tales of foreign parts,
And make him merry, when I come home
again.
Come, Annie, come, cheer up before I go."

Him running on thus hopefully she heard,
And almost hoped herself; but when he turn'd
The current of his talk to graver things,
In sailor fashion roughly sermonizing
On providence and trust in Heaven, she heard,
Heard and not heard him; as the village girl,
Who sets her pitcher underneath the spring,
Musing on him that used to fill it for her,
Hears and not hears, and lets it overflow.

Enoch Arden

At length she spoke, "O Enoch, you are
wise;
And yet for all your wisdom well know I
That I shall look upon your face no more."

"Well then," said Enoch, "I shall look
on yours.
Annie, the ship I sail in passes here
(He named the day), get you a seaman's glass,
Spy out my face, and laugh at all your fears."

But when the last of those last moments
came,
"Annie, my girl, cheer up, be comforted,
Look to the babes, and till I come again,
Keep everything shipshape, for I must go.
And fear no more for me; or if you fear
Cast all your cares on God; that anchor holds.
Is he not yonder in those uttermost
Parts of the morning? if I flee to these
Can I go from him? and the sea is His,
The sea is His: He made it."

Enoch rose,
Cast his strong arms about his drooping wife,
And kiss'd his wonder-stricken little ones;
But for the third, the sickly one, who slept
After a night of feverous wakefulness,

Enoch Arden

When Annie would have raised him Enoch
said,

“Wake him not; let him sleep; how should
the child

Remember this?” and kiss’d him in his cot.

But Annie from her baby’s forehead clipt

A tiny curl, and gave it: this he kept

Thro’ all his future; but now hastily caught

His bundle, waved his hand, and went his

way.

She, when the day that Enoch mention’d,
came,

Borrow’d a glass, but all in vain: perhaps

She could not fix the glass to suit her eye;

Perhaps her eye was dim, hand tremulous;

She saw him not: and while he stood on deck

Waving, the moment and the vessel past.

Ev’n to the last dip of the vanishing sail
She watch’d it, and departed weeping for him;
Then, tho’ she mourn’d his absence as his
grave,

Set her sad will no less to chime with his,

But throve not in her trade, not being bred

To barter, nor compensating the want

By shrewdness, neither capable of lies,

Nor asking overmuch and taking less,

Enoch Arden

And still foreboding “what would Enoch say?”
For more than once, in days of difficulty
And pressure, had she sold her wares for less
Than what she gave in buying what she sold :
She fail’d and sadden’d knowing it; and thus,
Expectant of that news which never came,
Gain’d for her own a scanty sustenance,
And lived a life of silent melancholy.

Now the third child was sickly-born and
grew
Yet sicklier, tho’ the mother cared for it
With all a mother’s care: nevertheless,
Whether her business often call’d her from it,
Or thro’ the want of what it needed most,
Or means to pay the voice who best could tell
What most it needed — howsoe’er it was,
After a lingering, — ere she was aware, —
Like the caged bird escaping suddenly,
The little innocent soul flitted away.

In that same week when Annie buried it,
Philip’s true heart, which hungered for her
peace
(Since Enoch left he had not look’d upon her),
Smote him, as having kept aloof so long.
“Surely,” said Philip, “I may see her now,
May be some little comfort;” therefore went,

Enoch Arden

Past thro' the solitary room in front,
Paused for a moment at an inner door,
Then struck it thrice, and, no one opening,
Enter'd; but Annie, seated with her grief,
Fresh from the burial of her little one,
Cared not to look on any human face,
But turned her own toward the wall and wept.
Then Philip standing up said falteringly,
“Annie, I came to ask a favor of you.”

He spoke; the passion in her moan'd reply,
“Favor from one so sad and so forlorn
As I am!” half abashed him; yet unask'd,
His bashfulness and tenderness at war,
He set himself beside her, saying to her:

“I came to speak to you of what he wish'd,
Enoch, your husband: I have ever said
You chose the best among us — a strong man:
For where he fixt his heart he set his hand
To do the thing he will'd, and bore it thro'.
And wherefore did he go this weary way,
And leave you lonely? not to see the world —
For pleasure? — nay, but for the wherewithal
To give his babes a better bringing-up
Than his had been, or yours: that was his wish.
And if he come again, vext will he be
To find the precious morning hours were lost.

Enoch Arden

And it would vex him even in his grave,
If he could know his babes were running wild
Like colts about the waste. So, Annie, now —
Have we not known each other all our lives? —
I do beseech you by the love you bear
Him and his children not to say me nay —
For, if you will, when Enoch comes again,
Why then he shall repay me — if you will,
Annie — for I am rich and well-to-do.
Now let me put the boy and girl to school :
This is the favor that I came to ask.”

Then Annie with her brows against the wall
Answered, “I can not look you in the face;
I seem so foolish and so broken down.
When you came in my sorrow broke me
down;
And now I think your kindness breaks me
down;
But Enoch lives; that is borne in on me;
He will repay you: money can be repaid;
Not kindness such as yours.”

And Philip ask'd
“Then you will let me, Annie?”

There she turn'd,
She rose, and fixt her swimming eyes upon
him,

Enoch Arden

And dwelt a moment on his kindly face,
Then calling down a blessing on his head
Caught at his hand, and wrung it passionately,
And past into the little garth beyond.
So lifted up in spirit, he moved away.

Then Philip put the boy and girl to school,
And bought them needful books, and every
way,
Like one who does his duty by his own,
Made himself theirs; and tho' for Annie's
sake,
Fearing the lazy gossip of the port,
He oft denied his heart his dearest wish,
And seldom crost her threshold, yet he sent
Gifts by the children, garden-herbs and fruit,
The late and early roses from his wall,
Or conies from the down, and now and then,
With some pretext of fineness in the meal
To save the offence of charitable, flour
From his tall mill that whistled on the waste.

But Philip did not fathom Annie's mind:
Scarce could the woman when he came upon
her,
Out of full heart and boundless gratitude
Light on a broken word to thank him with.
But Philip was her children's all-in-all;

Enoch Arden

From distant corners of the street they ran
To greet his hearty welcome heartily;
Lords of his house and of his mill were they;
Worried his passive ear with petty wrongs
Or pleasures, hung upon him, play'd with
him,

And call'd him Father Philip. Philip gain'd
As Enoch lost; for Enoch seem'd to them
Uncertain as a vision or a dream,
Faint as a figure seen in early dawn
Down at the far end of an avenue,
Going we know not where: and so ten years,
Since Enoch left his hearth and native land,
Fled forward, and no news of Enoch came.

It chanced one evening Annie's children
long'd
To go with others nutting to the wood,
And Annie would go with them; then they
begg'd
For Father Philip (as they call'd him) too:
Him, like the working bee in blossom-dust
Blanched with his mill, they found; and say-
ing to him,
"Come with us, Father Philip," he denied;
But when the children pluck'd at him to go,
He laughed, and yielded readily to their wish,
For was not Annie with them? and they went.

Enoch Arden

But after scaling half the weary down,
Just where the prone edge of the wood began
To feather toward the hollow, all her force
Fail'd her; and sighing, "Let me rest," she
said:

So Philip rested with her well-content;
While all the younger ones with jubilant cries
Broke from their elders, and tumultuously
Down thro' the whitening hazels made a
plunge
To the bottom, and dispersed, and bent or
broke
The lithe reluctant boughs to tear away
Their tawny clusters, crying to each other
And calling, here and there about the wood.

But Philip sitting at her side forgot
Her presence, and remembr'd one dark hour
Here in this wood, when like a wounded life
He crept into the shadow: at last he said,
Lifting his honest forehead, "Listen, Annie,
How merry they are down yonder in the wood.
Tired, Annie?" for she did not speak a word.
"Tired?" but her face had fall'n upon her
hands;

At which, as with a kind of anger in him,
"The ship was lost," he said, "the ship was
lost!

Enoch Arden

No more of that ! why should you kill yourself

And make them orphans quite ? ” And Annie said

“ I thought not of it; but—I know not why—
Their voices make me feel so solitary. ”

Then Philip coming somewhat closer spoke,
“ Annie, there is a thing upon my mind,
And it has been upon my mind so long,
That tho’ I know not when it first came
there,

I know that it will out at last. Oh, Annie,
It is beyond all hope, against all chance,
That he who left you ten long years ago
Should still be living; well then—let me
speak:

I grieve to see you poor and wanting help:
I cannot help you as I wish to do
Unless—they say that women are so quick—
Perhaps you know what I would have you
know—

I wish you for my wife. I fain would prove
A father to your children: I do think
They love me as a father: I am sure
That I love them as if they were mine own;
And I believe, if you were fast my wife,
That after all these sad uncertain years,

Enoch Arden

We might be still as happy as God grants
To any of His creatures. Think upon it:
For I am well-to-do—no kin, no care,
No burthen, save my care for you and yours:
And we have known each other all our lives,
And I have loved you longer than you know.”

Then answer'd Annie; tenderly she spoke:
“You have been as God's good angel in our
house.

God bless you for it, God reward you for it,
Philip, with something happier than myself.
Can one love twice? can you be ever loved
As Enoch was? what is it that you ask?”

“I am content,” he answer'd, “to be loved
A little after Enoch.” “Oh,” she cried,
Scared as it were, “dear Philip, wait a
while:

If Enoch comes—but Enoch will not come—
Yet wait a year, a year is not so long:
Surely I shall be wiser in a year:

Oh, wait a little!” Philip sadly said,
“Annie, as I have waited all my life,
I well may wait a little,” “Nay,” she cried,
“I am bound: you have my promise—in a
year;

Will you not bide your year as I bide mine?”
And Philip answered, “I will bide my year.”

Enoch Arden

Here both were mute, till Philip glancing up
Beheld the dead flame of the fallen day
Pass from the Danish barrow overhead;
Then, fearing night and chill for Annie, rose,
And sent his voice beneath him through the
wood.

Up came the children laden with their spoil;
Then all descended to the port, and there
At Annie's door he paused and gave his hand,
Saying gently, "Annie, when I spoke to you,
That was your hour of weakness. I was wrong.
I am always bound to you, but you are free."
Then Annie weeping answered, "I am bound."

She spoke; and in one moment as it were,
While yet she went about her household ways,
Ev'n as she dwelt upon his latest words,
That he had loved her longer than she knew,
That autumn into autumn flashed again,
And there he stood once more before her face,
Claiming her promise. "Is it a year?" she
asked.

"Yes, if the nuts," he said, "be ripe again:
Come out and see." But she—she put him
off—

So much to look to—such a change—a month—
Give her a month—she knew that she was
bound—

Enoch Arden

A month — no more. Then Philip with his eyes
Full of that lifelong hunger, and his voice
Shaking a little like a drunkard's hand,
“Take your own time, Annie, take your own
time.”

And Annie could have wept for pity of him;
And yet she held him on delayingly
With many a scarce-believable excuse,
Trying his truth and his long-sufferance,
Till half another year had slipt away.

By this the lazy gossips of the port,
Abhorrent of a calculation crost,⁷
Began to chafe as at a personal wrong.
Some thought that Philip did but trifle with
her;

Some that she but held off to draw him on;
And others laugh'd at her and Philip too,
As simple folk that knew not their own minds;
And one, in whom all evil fancies clung
Like serpent eggs together, laughingly
Would hint at worse in either. Her own son
Was silent, tho' he often look'd his wish;
But evermore the daughter prest upon her
To wed the man so dear to all of them
And lift the household out of poverty;
And Philip's rosy face contracting grew

⁷ They were mortified that the predictions they made were not verified.

Enoch Arden

Careworn and wan; and all these things fell
on her
Sharp as reproach.

At last one night it chanced
That Annie could not sleep, but earnestly
Pray'd for a sign, "My Enoch, is he gone?"
Then compass'd round by the blind wall of
night
Brook'd not the expectant terror of her heart,
Started from bed, and struck herself a light,
Then desperately seized the holy Book,
Suddenly set it wide to find a sign,
Suddenly put her finger on the text,
"Under the palm-tree." That was nothing to
her :
No meaning there : she closed the Book and
slept :
When lo ! her Enoch sitting on a height,
Under a palm-tree, over him the sun :
"He is gone," she thought, "he is happy, he
is singing
Hosanna in the highest : yonder shines
The Sun of Righteousness, and these be palms
Whereof the happy people strowing cried
'Hosanna in the highest !'" Here she woke,
Resolved, sent for him and said wildly to him,
"There is no reason why we should not wed."

Enoch Arden

“Then for God’s sake,” he answer’d, “both
our sakes,
So you will wed me, let it be at once.”

So these were wed and merrily rang the bells,
Merrily rang the bells and they were wed.
But never merrily beat Annie’s heart.
A footstep seem’d to fall beside her path,
She knew not whence; a whisper on her ear,
She knew not what; nor loved she to be left
Alone at home, nor ventured out alone.
What ail’d her then, that ere she enter’d, often,
Her hand dwelt lingeringly on the latch,
Fearing to enter: Philip thought he knew :
Such doubts and fears were common to her
state,
Being with child : but when her child was
born,
Then her new child was as herself renew’d,
Then the new mother came about her heart,
Then her good Philip was her all-in-all,
And that mysterious instinct wholly died.

And where was Enoch? prosperously sail’d
The ship Good Fortune, tho’ at setting forth
The Biscay, roughly ridging eastward, shook
And almost overwhelm’d her, yet unvext
She slipped across the summer of the world,

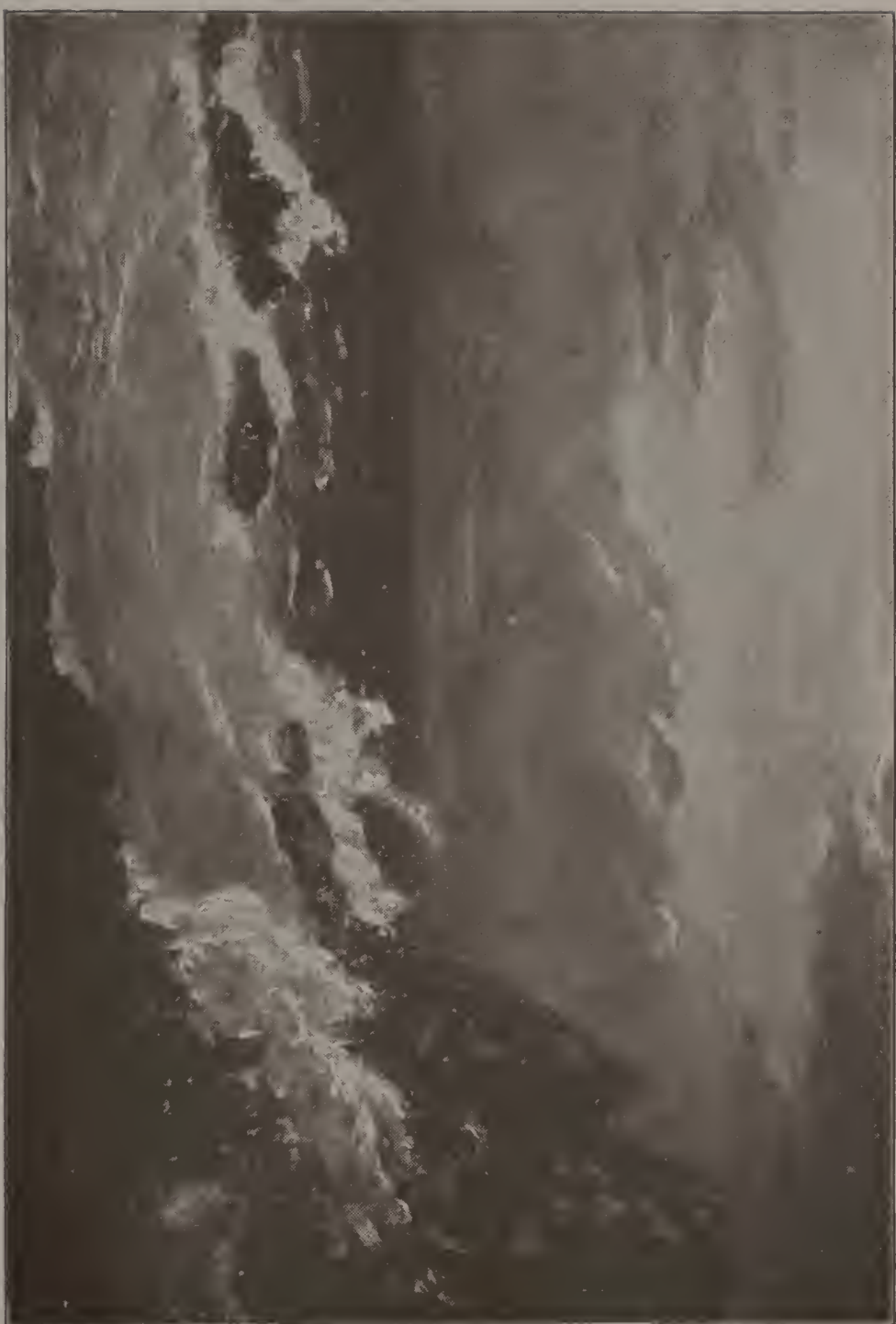
Enoch Arden

Then after a long tumble about the Cape
And frequent interchange of foul and fair,
She passing thro' the summer world again,
The breath of heaven came continually
And sent her sweetly by the golden isles,
Till silent in her oriental haven.

There Enoch traded for himself, and bought
Quaint monsters for the market of those times,
A gilded dragon, also, for the babes.

Less lucky her home-voyage : at first in-
deed
Thro' many a fair sea-circle,⁸ day by day,
Scarce-rocking her full-busted figure-head
Stared o'er the ripple feathering from her
bows:
Then follow'd calms, and then winds variable,
Then baffling, a long course of them ; and last
Storm, such as drove her under moonless
heavens
Till hard upon the cry of " breakers " came
The crash of ruin, and the loss of all
But Enoch and two others. Half the night,
Buoy'd upon floating tackle and broken spars,
These drifted, stranding on an isle at morn
Rich, but the loneliest in a lonely sea.

8. On shipboard far out at sea the horizon forms a perfect circle.



THE BREAKERS

Enoch Arden

No want was there of human sustenance,
Soft fruitage, mighty nuts, and nourishing
 roots ;
Nor save for pity was it hard to take
The helpless life so wild that it was tame.
There in a seaward-gazing mountain-gorge
They built, and thatch'd with leaves of palm,
 a hut,
Half hut, half native cavern. So the three,
Set in this Eden of all plenteousness,
Dwelt with eternal summer, ill-content.

For one, the youngest, hardly more than
 boy,
Hurt in that night of sudden ruin and wreck,
Lay lingering out a five-years' death-in-life.
They could not leave him. After he was gone,
The two remaining found a fallen stem ;
And Enoch's comrade, careless of himself,
Fire-hollowing this in Indian fashion, fell
Sun-stricken, and that other lived alone.
In those two deaths he read God's warning,
 "Wait."

The mountain wooded to the peak, the
 lawns
And winding glades high up like ways to
 Heaven,
The slender coco's drooping crown of plumes,

Enoch Arden

The lightning flash of insect and of bird,
The lustre of the long convolvuluses
That coil'd around the stately stems, and ran
Ev'n to the limit of the land, the glows
And glories of the broad belt of the world,⁹
All these he saw ; but what he fain had seen
He could not see, the kindly human face,
Nor ever hear a kindly voice, but heard
The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean-fowl,
The league-long roller thundering on the reef,
The moving whisper of huge trees that
branch'd

And blossom'd in the zenith, or the sweep
Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave,
As down the shore he ranged, or all day long
Sat often in the seaward-gazing gorge,
A shipwreck'd sailor, waiting for a sail :
No sail from day to day, but every day
The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts
Among the palms and ferns and precipices ;
The blaze upon the waters to the east :
The blaze upon his island overhead ;
The blaze upon the waters to the west ;
Then the great stars that globed themselves in
Heaven,

The hollower-bellowing ocean, and again
The scarlet shafts of sunrise — but no sail.

9. That is, the ocean.

Enoch Arden

There often as he watch'd or seem'd to
watch,
So still, the golden lizard on him paused,
A phantom made of many phantoms moved
Before him, haunting him, or he himself
Moved haunting people, things, and places,
known
Far in a darker isle beyond the line;
The babes, their babble, Annie, the small
house,
The climbing street, the mill, the leafy lanes,
The peacock-yewtree and the lonely Hall,
The horse he drove, the boat he sold, the chill
November dawns and dewy-glooming downs,
The gentle shower, the smell of dying leaves,
And the low moan of leaden-color'd seas.

Once likewise, in the ringing of his ears,
Tho' faintly, merrily — far and far away —
He heard the pealing of his parish bells;
Then, tho' he knew not wherefore, started up
Shuddering, and when the beauteous hateful
isle
Return'd upon him, had not his poor heart
Spoken with That, which being everywhere
Lets none who speaks with Him seem all
alone,
Surely the man had died of solitude.

Enoch Arden

Thus over Enoch's early-silvering head
The sunny and rainy seasons came and went
Year after year. His hopes to see his own,
And pace the sacred old familiar fields,
Not yet had perish'd, when his lonely doom
Came suddenly to an end. Another ship
(She wanted water), blown by baffling winds,
Like the Good Fortune, from her destined
course,

Stay'd by this isle, not knowing where she
lay:

For since the mate had seen at early dawn
Across a break on the mist-wreathen isle
The silent water slipping from the hills,
They sent a crew that landing burst away
In search of stream or fount, and fill'd the
shores

With clamor. Downward from his mountain
gorge

Stept the long-hair'd, long-bearded solitary,
Brown, looking hardly human, strangely clad,
Muttering and mumbling, idiot-like it seem'd,
With inarticulate rage, and making signs
They knew not what: and yet he led the way
To where the rivulets of sweet water ran;
And ever as he mingled with the crew,
And heard them talking, his long-bounden
tongue

Enoch Arden

Was loosen'd, till he made them understand;
Whom, when their casks were fill'd they took
aboard

And there the tale he utter'd brokenly,
Scarce-credited at first but more and more,
Amazed and melted all who listen'd to it;
And clothes they gave him and free passage
home;

But oft he work'd among the rest and shook
His isolation from him. None of these
Came from his county, or could answer him,
If question'd, aught of what he cared to
know.

And dull the voyage was with long delays,
The vessel scarce sea-worthy; but evermore
His fancy fled before the lazy wind
Returning, till beneath a clouded moon
He like a lover down thro' all his blood
Drew in the dewy, meadowy morning-breath
Of England, blown across her ghostly wall :¹⁰
And that same morning officers and men
Levied a kindly tax upon themselves,
Pitying the lonely man, and gave him it :
Then moving up the coast they landed him,
Ev'n in that harbor whence he sail'd before.

10. The south coast of England is of precipitous chalk cliffs which from the sea look white and ghostlike.

Enoch Arden

There Enoch spoke no word to any one,
But homeward — home — what home? had he
a home? —

His home, he walked. Bright was that after-
noon,

Sunny but chill; till drawn thro' either chasm,
Where either haven open'd on the deeps,
Roll'd a sea-haze and whelmed the world in
gray;

Cut off the length of highway on before,
And left but narrow breadth to left and right
Of wither'd holt or tilth or pasturage.
On the nigh-naked tree the robin piped
Disconsolate, and thro' the dripping haze
The dead weight of the dead leaf bore it
down:

Thicker the drizzle grew, deeper the gloom;
Last, as it seem'd, a great mist-blotted light
Flared on him, and he came upon the place.

Then down the long street having slowly
stolen,
His heart foreshadowing all calamity,
His eyes upon the stones, he reach'd the home
Where Annie lived and loved him, and his
babes

In those far-off seven happy years were born;
But finding neither light nor murmur there

Enoch Arden

(A bill of sale gleam'd thro' the drizzle) crept
Still downward, thinking, "dead, or dead to
me !"

Down to the pool and narrow wharf he went,
Seeking a tavern which of old he knew,
A front of timber-crost¹¹ antiquity,
So propt, worm-eaten, ruinously old,
He thought it must have gone; but he was
gone

Who kept it; and his widow, Miriam Lane,
With daily dwindling profits held the house;
A haunt of brawling seamen once, but now
Still, with yet a bed for wandering men.
There Enoch rested silent many days.

But Miriam Lane was good and garrulous,
Nor let him be, but often breaking in,
Told him, with other annals of the port,
Not knowing — Enoch was so brown, so bow'd,
So broken — all the story of his house.
His baby's death, her growing poverty,
How Philip put her little ones to school,
And kept them in it, his long wooing her,
Her slow consent, and marriage, and the birth

11. Old English houses were built in such a way that the walls were of plaster through which the timbers ran, plainly visible. This "half-timbered" style of architecture may be seen in pictures of Shakespeare's birthplace.

Enoch Arden

Of Philip's child: and o'er his countenance
No shadow past, nor motion: any one,
Regarding, well had deem'd he felt the tale
Less than the teller; only when she closed,
"Enoch, poor man, was cast away and lost,"
He, shaking his gray head pathetically,
Repeated muttering, "cast away and lost;"
Again and deeper inward whispers, "lost!"

But Enoch yearned to see her face again;
"If I might look on her sweet face again
And know that she is happy." So the thought
Haunted and harass'd him, and drove him
forth,

At evening when the dull November day
Was growing duller twilight, to the hill.
There he sat down gazing on all below;
There did a thousand memories roll upon him,
Unspeakable for sadness. By and by
The ruddy square of comfortable light,
Far-blazing from the rear of Philip's house,
Allured him, as the beacon-blaze allures
The bird of passage, till he madly strikes
Against it, and beats out his weary life.

For Philip's dwelling fronted on the street,
The latest house to landlord; but behind,
With one small gate that open'd on the waste,
Flourish'd a little garden square and wall'd:

Enoch Arden

And in it throve an ancient evergreen,
A yewtree, and all around it ran a walk
Of shingle, and a walk divided it:
But Enoch shunn'd the middle walk and stole
Up by the wall, behind the yew; and thence
That which he better might have shunn'd, if
 griefs
Like his have worse or better, Enoch saw.

For cups and silver on the burnish'd board
Sparkled and shone; so genial was the hearth:
And on the right hand of the hearth he saw
Philip, the slighted suitor of old times,
Stout, rosy, with his babe across his knees;
And o'er her second father stoopt a girl,
A later but a loftier Annie Lee,
Fair-hair'd and tall; and from her lifted hand
Dangled a length of ribbon and a ring
To tempt the babe, who rear'd his creasy
 arms,
Caught at, and ever miss'd it, and they
 laugh'd:
And on the left hand of the hearth he saw
The mother glancing often toward her babe,
But turning now and then to speak with him,
Her son, who stood beside her tall and strong,
And saying that which pleased him, for he
 smiled.

Enoch Arden

Now when the dead man come to life be-
held

His wife his wife no more, and saw the babe
Hers, yet not his, upon the father's knee,
And all the warmth, the peace, the happiness,
And his own children tall and beautiful,
And him, that other, reigning in his place,
Lord of his rights and of his children's love,—
Then he, tho' Miriam Lane had told him all,
Because things seen are mightier than things
heard,
Stagger'd and shook, holding the branch, and
fear'd

To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry,
Which in one moment, like the blast of doom,
Would shatter all the happiness of the hearth.

He therefore turning softly like a thief,
Lest the harsh shingle should grate underfoot,
And feeling all along the garden wall,
Lest he should swoon and tumble and be
found,

Crept to the gate, and opened it, and closed,
As lightly as a sick man's chamber-door,
Behind him, and came out upon the waste.

And there he would have knelt, but that his
knees

Enoch Arden

Were feeble, so that falling prone he dug
His fingers into the wet earth, and pray'd.

“Too hard to bear ! why did they take me
thence ?

O God Almighty, blessed Saviour, Thou
That didst uphold me on my lonely isle,
Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness
A little longer ! aid me, give me strength
Not to tell her, never to let her know.
Help me not to break in upon her peace.
My children too ! must I not speak to these ?
They know me not. I should betray myself.
Never : no father's kiss for me — the girl
So like her mother, and the boy, my son.”

There speech and thought and nature fail'd
a little
And he lay tranced ; but when he rose and
paced
Back toward his solitary home again,
All down the long and narrow street he went
Beating it in upon his weary brain,
As tho' it were the burthen of a song,
“Not to tell her, never to let her know.”

He was not all unhappy. His resolve
Upbore him, and firm faith, and evermore

Enoch Arden

Prayer from a living source within the will,
And beating up thro' all the bitter world,
Like fountains of sweet water in the sea,
Kept him a living soul. "This miller's wife,"
He said to Miriam, "that you spoke about,
Has she no fear that her first husband lives?"
"Ay, ay, poor soul," said Miriam, "fear enow!
If you could tell her you had seen him dead,
Why, that would be her comfort;" and he
thought

"After the Lord has call'd me she shall know,
I wait His time;" and Enoch set himself,
Scorning an alms, to work whereby to live.
Almost to all things could he turn his hand.
Cooper he was and carpenter, and wrought
To make the boatmen fishing-nets, or help'd
At lading and unlading the tall barks,
That brought the stinted commerce of those
days;

Thus earn'd a scanty living for himself:
Yet since he did but labor for himself,
Work without hope, there was not life in it
Whereby the man could live; and as the year
Roll'd itself round again to meet the day
When Enoch had return'd, a languor came
Upon him, gentle sickness, gradually
Weakening the man, till he could do no more,
But kept the house, his chair, and last his bed.

Enoch Arden

And Enoch bore his weakness cheerfully.
For sure no gladlier does the stranded wreck
See thro' the gray skirts of a lifting squall
The boat that bears the hope of life approach
To save the life despair'd of, than he saw
Death dawning on him, and the close of all.

For thro' that dawning gleam'd a kindlier
hope
On Enoch thinking, "After I am gone,
Then may she learn I lov'd her to the last."
He call'd aloud for Miriam Lane and said
"Woman, I have a secret — only swear,
Before I tell you — swear upon the book
Not to reveal it, till you see me dead."
"Dead," clamor'd the good woman, "hear
him talk ;
I warrant, man, that we shall bring you
round."
"Swear," added Enoch, sternly, "on the
book."
And on the book, half-frighted, Miriam swore.
Then Enoch rolling his gray eyes upon her,
"Did you know Enoch Arden, of this town?"
"Know him?" she said, "I knew him far
away.
Ay, ay, I mind him coming down the street;
Held his head high, and cared for no man, he."

Enoch Arden

Slowly and sadly Enoch answered her :

“His head is low, and no man cares for him.
I think I have not three days more to live ;
I am the man.” At which the woman gave
A half-incredulous, half-hysterical cry.

“You Arden, you ! nay,—sure he was a foot
Higher than you be.” Enoch said again

“My God has bowed me down to what I
am ;

My grief and solitude have broken me ;
Nevertheless, know you that I am he
Who married — but that name has twice been
changed —

I married her who married Philip Ray.
Sit, listen.” Then he told her of his voyage,
His wreck, his lonely life, his coming back,
His gazing in on Annie, his resolve,
And how he kept it. As the woman heard,
Fast flow'd the current of her easy tears,
While in her heart she yearned incessantly
To rush abroad all round the little haven,
Proclaiming Enoch Arden and his woes ;
But awed and promise-bounden she forebore,
Saying only, “See your bairns before you
go !

Eh, let me fetch 'em, Arden,” and arose,
Eager to bring them down, for Enoch hung
A moment on her words. but then replied,

Enoch Arden

“Woman, disturb me not now at the last,
But let me hold my purpose till I die.
Sit down again; mark me and understand,
While I have power to speak. I charge you
now

When you shall see her, tell her that I died
Blessing her, praying for her, loving her;
Save for the bar between us, loving her
As when she lay her head beside my own.
And tell my daughter Annie, whom I saw
So like her mother, that my latest breath
Was spent in blessing her and praying for her.
And tell my son that I died blessing him.
And say to Philip that I blest him too;
He never meant us anything but good.
But if my children care to see me dead,
Who hardly knew me living, let them come,
I am their father; but she must not come,
For my dead face would vex her after-life.
And now there is but one of all my blood,
Who will embrace me in the world-to-be:
This hair is his: she cut it off and gave it,
And I have borne it with me all these years,
And thought to bear it with me to my grave;
But now my mind is changed, for I shall see
him,
My babe in bliss: wherefore when I am gone,
Take, give her this, for it may comfort her:

Enoch Arden

It will moreover be a token to her,
That I am he."

He ceased; and Miriam Lane
Made such a voluble answer promising all,
That once again he roll'd his eyes upon her
Repeating all he wish'd, and once again
She promised.

Then the third night after this,
While Enoch slumber'd motionless and pale,
And Miriam watch'd and dozed at intervals,
There came so loud a calling of the sea,
That all the houses in the haven rang.
He woke, he rose, he spread his arms abroad,
Crying with a loud voice, "A sail! a sail!
I am saved;" and so fell back and spoke no
more.

So past the strong heroic soul away.
And when they buried him the little port
Had seldom seen a costlier funeral.

Study of Enoch Arden

APPLY now to the story of *Enoch Arden* the plan followed in our discussion of *The Great Stone Face*, and as you determine the facts under each heading note them and finally write out briefly and as smoothly as possible the ideas you have gained under each topic. Do not neglect the writing. Not only will it assist your own powers of expression but you will find that your ideas become much more clearly defined as you try to commit them to paper. It is not easy for one person to direct the work of another, for no two see the same things in the same way. Question yourself closely and rely upon your own judgment. The following questions, topically arranged, may assist you in your study:—

1. What can you find descriptive of the personal appearance of Annie? Were you pleased that Enoch should win Annie at first? Did you feel that Philip ought to be finally successful in his suit? Were you strongly interested in Annie's struggles? Toward the close did you find yourself thinking more of Enoch than of the others? Who is really the chief character? What purpose had Tennyson in introducing the children into the scene where Enoch looks in upon the home that is not his? What does Miriam Lane add to the story?

Study of Enoch Arden

2. What contrasts show in the character of Philip and Enoch when they were children? Compare them as young men in their wooing. After Enoch's return, what differences can you see in them as men? Which had the nobler character? Compare the boy Enoch with the old man Enoch. Has there been an improvement in character or a deterioration? Answer the same question concerning Annie. How does Tennyson make you understand these things? Does he tell you outright, or does he leave you to infer the character of each person?

3. What emotions are dominant in the boys at play, in Enoch at his parting with Annie when he starts on his voyage, in Annie when Philip proposes, in Enoch at the window, in Philip at the same time? Run over the chief incidents of the narrative and see how each affected your feelings. Were you sad with Enoch or happy with Philip when the former stood outside the window? Did you have a personal regard for any of the persons? Was Annie a lovable girl, a sincere and earnest woman? Did you feel a repugnance toward any person at any time or did you sympathize with all and feel that all were worthy of happiness and suffered merely because of fortune and not from their deserts? Did you think well of Enoch for leaving a message to be delivered to Annie after his death?

4. Compress the plot into less than fifty words. To do this, omit names, places, and secondary

Study of Enoch Arden

incidents and give plainly a series of incidents from which if any one was omitted the plot would be impossible. Are the following essential incidents or are they secondary: the breaking of Enoch's limb, the death of the child, Annie's finding of the text "under the palm tree," Enoch on the island hearing the parish bells, Philip's marriage, the baby rearing its arms to catch the ring dangled by the later Annie Lee? Determine why the author introduced each of these incidents. Select many others for similar consideration.

5. If you were to act this story, how many scenes would you find it necessary to make? Does Tennyson describe them so you could fit up a stage successfully for each? Do you realize that the incidents happen in a fishing village? Compare it with some town of your own acquaintance. Does Tennyson make the tropical island seem different from the nutting grounds? How? Where was the village in which Annie lived? Can you close your eyes and see one after another the places where the leading incidents occurred? Select a half dozen beautiful descriptions and commit the text to memory.

6. What do the following phrases signify, and what do they show you of the locality: —

"A gray down with Danish barrows."

"Anchors of rusty fluke."

"Far as the portal-warding lion-whelp
And peacock-yewtree of the lonely Hall."

Study of Enoch Arden

“See your bairns before you go.”

These are a very few of the expressions that give local coloring to the story. Look for others. Find twenty expressions or more, that without directly telling you, really make you sensible of location in time or place. Where did you see anything that partook of the supernatural? Was it introduced in such a way as to shock you or so as to seem unnatural? Was it really a supernatural incident or was it merely a strange coincidence? Does its acceptance by any of the persons throw any light upon their characters or upon the location of the story in time or place?

7. Do you think Tennyson deliberately intended to teach a lesson of self-sacrifice? Does he think Annie did right in marrying Philip? Does he approve of Philip's course throughout? Are you able to determine Tennyson's ideas, or does he seem merely the skillful narrator telling a story that pleased him?

8. Has the story been an inspiration to you in any way? Has it caused you to look upon the duties and responsibilities of life in a different way? Do you feel more strongly upon any question of right and wrong because you have read the story? Do you think Tennyson has strengthened the final impression by the last three lines, or would you have felt better pleased had the story stopped with the words: “and so fell back and spoke no more”?

The Ambitious Guest

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Studies

Now take *The Ambitious Guest* and read it thoughtfully, keeping in mind all the points we have been discussing in the stories we have outlined. Read it more than once, and let the spirit of the selection become part of yourself. Analyze it carefully in your mind by our topical outline, and then write in a few pages, a review touching upon our several points of observation, but arranging your matter in a less formal way, after the manner of the notes on *The Ancient Mariner*. Write so that your review reads naturally and easily from beginning to end without the interruptions which the catch-lines have given to the discussion of *The Great Stone Face*. Do not be afraid to quote when it illustrates the point you wish to make. When you have finished your writing, read your essay aloud carefully from beginning to end to see if you have made a smooth composition and given to a possible reader of your own review all that was best in the selection you have studied. If you are dissatisfied try again, or take an entirely different story and write upon that.

In *The Ambitious Guest* Hawthorne has made use of an incident still told tourists through Franconia Notch in the White Mountains. In August, 1826, the Willey family were living at the foot of

the mountain, in a low, one-story house at which travelers passing through the Notch would often stop. After a long drought in that year there was a terrible tempest that raised the rivers and so loosened the soil above that a great section of the mountain came sliding down. Hearing the roar of the approaching mass, the family rushed out of doors; and all, Mr. and Mrs. Willey, their five children, and two hired men, were crushed by the flying debris. Had they remained indoors they would have been saved, for a ledge above the house parted the slide and it swept by in two streams, leaving the house unharmed.

The Ambitious Guest

ONE September night a family had gathered round their hearth, and piled it high with the driftwood of mountain streams, the dry cones of the pine, and the splintered ruins of great trees that had come crashing down the precipice. Up the chimney roared the fire, and brightened the room with its broad blaze. The faces of the father and mother had a sober gladness; the children laughed; the eldest daughter was the image of Happiness at seventeen; and the aged grandmother, who sat knitting in the warmest place, was the image of Happiness grown old. They had found the "herb, heart's-ease," in the bleakest spot of all New England. This family were situated in the Notch of the White Hills, where the wind was sharp throughout the year, and pitilessly cold in the winter, — giving their cottage all its fresh inclemency before it descended on the valley of the Saco. They dwelt in a cold spot and a dangerous one; for a mountain towered above their heads, so steep, that the stones would often rumble down its sides and startle them at midnight.

The Ambitious Guest

The daughter had just uttered some simple jest that filled them all with mirth, when the wind came through the Notch and seemed to pause before their cottage—rattling the door, with a sound of wailing and lamentation, before it passed into the valley. For a moment it saddened them, though there was nothing unusual in the tones. But the family were glad again when they perceived that the latch was lifted by some traveler, whose footsteps had been unheard amid the dreary blast which heralded his approach, and wailed as he was entering, and went moaning away from the door.

Though they dwelt in such a solitude, these people held daily converse with the world. The romantic pass of the Notch is a great artery, through which the lifeblood of internal commerce is continually throbbing between Maine, on one side, and the Green Mountains and the shores of the St. Lawrence, on the other. The stage-coach always drew up before the door of the cottage. The wayfarer, with no companion but his staff, paused here to exchange a word, that the sense of loneliness might not utterly overcome him ere he could pass through the cleft of the mountain, or reach the first house in the valley. And here



THE FLUME, WHITE MOUNTAINS

The Ambitious Guest

the teamster, on his way to Portland market, would put up for the night; and, if a bachelor, might sit an hour beyond the usual bedtime, and steal a kiss from the mountain maid at parting. It was one of those primitive taverns where the traveler pays only for food and lodging, but meets with a homely kindness beyond all price. When the footsteps were heard, therefore, between the outer door and the inner one, the whole family rose up, grandmother, children, and all, as if about to welcome some one who belonged to them, and whose fate was linked with theirs.

The door was opened by a young man. His face at first wore the melancholy expression, almost despondency, of one who travels a wild and bleak road, at nightfall and alone, but soon brightened up when he saw the kindly warmth of his reception. He felt his heart spring forward to meet them all, from the old woman, who wiped a chair with her apron, to the little child that held out its arms to him. One glance and smile placed the stranger on a footing of innocent familiarity with the eldest daughter.

“Ah, this fire is the right thing !” cried he; “especially when there is such a pleasant circle round it. I am quite benumbed; for

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the Notch is just like the pipe of a great pair of bellows; it has blown a terrible blast in my face all the way from Bartlett."

"Then you are going towards Vermont?" said the master of the house, as he helped to take a light knapsack off the young man's shoulders.

"Yes; to Burlington, and far enough beyond," replied he. "I meant to have been at Ethan Crawford's to-night; but a pedestrian lingers along such a road as this. It is no matter; for, when I saw this good fire, and all your cheerful faces, I felt as if you had kindled it on purpose for me, and were waiting my arrival. So I shall sit down among you, and make myself at home."

The frank-hearted stranger had just drawn his chair to the fire when something like a heavy footstep was heard without, rushing down the steep side of the mountain, as with long and rapid strides, and taking such a leap in passing the cottage as to strike the opposite precipice. The family held their breath, because they knew the sound, and their guest held his by instinct.

"The old mountain has thrown a stone at us, for fear we should forget him," said the landlord, recovering himself. "He sometimes

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nods his head and threatens to come down; but we are old neighbors, and agree together pretty well upon the whole. Besides we have a sure place of refuge hard by if he should be coming in good earnest."

Let us now suppose the stranger to have finished his supper of bear's meat; and, by his natural felicity of manner, to have placed himself on a footing of kindness with the whole family, so that they talked as freely together as if he belonged to their mountain brood. He was of a proud, yet gentle spirit, —haughty and reserved among the rich and great; but ever ready to stoop his head to the lowly cottage door, and be like a brother or a son at the poor man's fireside. In the household of the Notch he found warmth and simplicity of feeling, the pervading intelligence of New England, and a poetry of native growth, which they had gathered when they little thought of it from the mountain peaks and chasms, and at the very threshold of their romantic and dangerous abode. He had traveled far and alone; his whole life, indeed, had been a solitary path; for, with the lofty caution of his nature, he had kept himself apart from those who might otherwise have been his companions. The family, too, though so kind

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and hospitable, had that consciousness of unity among themselves, and separation from the world at large, which, in every domestic circle, should still keep a holy place where no stranger may intrude. But this evening a prophetic sympathy impelled the refined and educated youth to pour out his heart before the simple mountaineers, and constrained them to answer him with the same free confidence. And thus it should have been. Is not the kindred of a common fate a closer tie than that of birth?

The secret of the young man's character was a high and abstracted ambition. He could have borne to live an undistinguished life, but not to be forgotten in the grave. Yearning desire had been transformed to hope; and hope, long cherished, had become like certainty, that, obscurely as he journeyed now, a glory was to beam on all his pathway,—though not, perhaps, while he was treading it. But when posterity should gaze back into the gloom of what was now the present, they would trace the brightness of his footsteps, brightening as meaner glories faded, and confess that a gifted one had passed from his cradle to his tomb with none to recognize him.

“As yet,” cried the stranger—his cheek

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glowing and his eye flashing with enthusiasm —“as yet, I have done nothing. Were I to vanish from the earth to-morrow, none would know so much of me as you: that a nameless youth came up at nightfall from the valley of the Saco, and opened his heart to you in the evening, and passed through the Notch by sunrise, and was seen no more. Not a soul would ask, ‘Who was he? Whither did the wanderer go?’ But I cannot die till I have achieved my destiny. Then, let Death come! I shall have built my monument!”

There was a continual flow of natural emotion, gushing forth amid abstracted reverie, which enabled the family to understand this young man’s sentiments, though so foreign from their own. With quick sensibility of the ludicrous, he blushed at the ardor into which he had been betrayed.

“You laugh at me,” said he, taking the eldest daughter’s hand, and laughing himself. “You think my ambition as nonsensical as if I were to freeze myself to death on the top of Mount Washington, only that people might spy at me from the country round about. And, truly, that would be a noble pedestal for a man’s statue!”

“It is better to sit here by this fire,” an-

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swered the girl, blushing, "and be comfortable and contented, though nobody thinks about us."

"I suppose," said her father, after a fit of musing, "there is something natural in what the young man says; and if my mind had been turned that way, I might have felt just the same. It is strange, wife, how his talk has set my head running on things that are pretty certain never to come to pass."

"Perhaps they may," observed the wife. "Is the man thinking what he will do when he is a widower?"

"No, no!" cried he, repelling the idea with reproachful kindness. "When I think of your death, Esther, I think of mine, too. But I was wishing we had a good farm in Bartlett, or Bethlehem, or Littleton, or some other township round the White Mountains; but not where they could tumble on our heads. I should want to stand well with my neighbors and be called Squire, and sent to General Court for a term or two; for a plain, honest man may do as much good there as a lawyer. And when I should be grown quite an old man, and you an old woman, so as not to be long apart, I might die happy enough in my

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bed, and leave you all crying around me. A slate gravestone would suit me as well as a marble one — with just my name and age, and a verse of a hymn, and something to let people know that I lived an honest man and died a Christian.”

“There now!” exclaimed the stranger; “it is our nature to desire a monument, be it slate or marble, or a pillar of granite, or a glorious memory in the universal heart of man.”

“We’re in a strange way, to-night,” said the wife, with tears in her eyes. “They say it’s a sign of something, when folks’ minds go a wandering so. Hark to the children!”

They listened accordingly. The younger children had been put to bed in another room, but with an open door between, so that they could be heard talking busily among themselves. One and all seemed to have caught the infection from the fireside circle, and were outvying each other in wild wishes, and childish projects of what they would do when they came to be men and women. At length a little boy, instead of addressing his brothers and sisters, called out to his mother.

“I’ll tell you what I wish, mother,” cried he. “I want you and father and grandma’m,

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and all of us, and the stranger too, to start right away, and go and take a drink out of the basin of the Flume !”

Nobody could help laughing at the child's notion of leaving a warm bed, and dragging them from a cheerful fire, to visit the basin of the Flume,—a brook, which tumbles over the precipice, deep within the Notch. The boy had hardly spoken when a wagon rattled along the road, and stopped a moment before the door. It appeared to contain two or three men, who were cheering their hearts with the rough chorus of a song, which resounded, in broken notes, between the cliffs, while the singers hesitated whether to continue their journey or put up here for the night.

“Father,” said the girl, “they are calling you by name.”

But the good man doubted whether they had really called him, and was unwilling to show himself too solicitous of gain by inviting people to patronize his house. He therefore did not hurry to the door; and the lash being soon applied, the travelers plunged into the Notch, still singing and laughing, though their music and mirth came back drearily from the heart of the mountain.

“There, mother !” cried the boy, again.

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“They’d have given us a ride to the Flume.” Again they laughed at the child’s pertinacious fancy for a night ramble. But it happened that a light cloud passed over the daughter’s spirit; she looked gravely into the fire, and drew a breath that was almost a sigh. It forced its way, in spite of a little struggle to repress it. Then starting and blushing, she looked quickly round the circle, as if they had caught a glimpse into her bosom. The stranger asked what she had been thinking of.

“Nothing,” answered she, with a downcast smile. “Only I felt lonesome just then.”

“Oh, I have always had a gift of feeling what is in other people’s hearts,” said he, half seriously. “Shall I tell the secrets of yours? For I know what to think when a young girl shivers by a warm hearth, and complains of lonesomeness at her mother’s side. Shall I put these feelings into words?”

“They would not be a girl’s feelings any longer if they could be put into words,” replied the mountain nymph, laughing, but avoiding his eye.

All this was said apart. Perhaps a germ of love was springing in their hearts, so pure that it might blossom in Paradise, since it could

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not be matured on earth; for women worship such gentle dignity as his; and the proud, contemplative, yet kindly soul is oftenest captivated by simplicity like hers. But while they spoke softly, and he was watching the happy sadness, the lightsome shadows, the shy yearnings of a maiden's nature, the wind through the Notch took a deeper and drearier sound. It seemed, as the fanciful stranger said, like the choral strain of the spirits of the blast, who in old Indian times had their dwelling among these mountains, and made their heights and recesses a sacred region. There was a wail along the road, as if a funeral were passing. To chase away the gloom, the family threw pine branches on their fire, till the dry leaves crackled and the flame arose, discovering once again a scene of peace and humble happiness. The light hovered about them fondly, and caressed them all. There were the little faces of the children, peeping from their bed apart, and here the father's frame of strength, the mother's subdued and careful mien, the high-browed youth, the budding girl, and the good old grandam, still knitting in the warmest place. The aged woman looked up from her task, and with fingers ever busy, was the next to speak.

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“Old folks have their notions,” said she, “as well as young ones. You’ve been wishing and planning; and letting your heads run on one thing and another, till you’ve set my mind a wandering too. Now what should an old woman wish for, when she can go but a step or two before she comes to her grave? Children, it will haunt me night and day till I tell you.”

“What is it, mother?” cried the husband and wife at once.

Then the old woman, with an air of mystery which drew the circle closer round the fire, informed them that she had provided her grave-clothes some years before,—a nice linen shroud, a cap with a muslin ruff, and everything of a finer sort than she had worn since her wedding day. But this evening an old superstition had strangely recurred to her. It used to be said, in her younger days, that if anything were amiss with a corpse, if only the ruff were not smooth, or the cap did not set right, the corpse in the coffin and beneath the clods would strive to put up its cold hands and arrange it. The bare thought made her nervous.

“Don’t talk so, grandmother!” said the girl, shuddering.

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“Now,” — continued the old woman, with singular earnestness, yet smiling strangely at her own folly, — “I want one of you, my children — when your mother is dressed and in the coffin — I want one of you to hold a looking-glass over my face. Who knows but I may take a glimpse at myself, and see whether all’s right?”

“Old and young, we dream of graves and monuments,” murmured the stranger youth. “I wonder how mariners feel when the ship is sinking, and they, unknown and undistinguished, are to be buried together in the ocean — that wide and nameless sepulcher?”

For a moment, the old woman’s ghastly conception so engrossed the minds of her hearers that a sound abroad in the night, rising like the roar of a blast, had grown broad, deep, and terrible, before the fated group were conscious of it. The house and all within it trembled; the foundations of the earth seemed to be shaken, as if this awful sound were the peal of the last trump. Young and old exchanged one wild glance, and remained an instant, pale, affrighted, without utterance, or power to move. Then the same shriek burst simultaneously from all their lips.

“The Slide! The Slide!”

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The simplest words must intimate, but not portray, the unutterable horror of the catastrophe. The victims rushed from their cottage, and sought refuge in what they deemed a safer spot — where, in contemplation of such an emergency, a sort of barrier had been reared. Alas ! they had quitted their security, and fled right into the pathway of destruction. Down came the whole side of the mountain, in a cataract of ruin. Just before it reached the house, the stream broke into two branches — shivered not a window there, but overwhelmed the whole vicinity, blocked up the road, and annihilated everything in its dreadful course. Long ere the thunder of the great Slide had ceased to roar among the mountains, the mortal agony had been endured, and the victims were at peace. Their bodies were never found.

The next morning, the light smoke was seen stealing from the cottage chimney up the mountain side. Within, the fire was yet smouldering on the hearth, and the chairs in a circle round it, as if the inhabitants had but gone forth to view the devastation of the Slide, and would shortly return, to thank Heaven for their miraculous escape. All had left separate tokens, by which those who had

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known the family were made to shed a tear for each. Who has not heard their name? The story has been told far and wide, and will forever be a legend of these mountains. Poets have sung their fate.

There were circumstances which led some to suppose that a stranger had been received into the cottage on this awful night, and had shared the catastrophe of all its inmates. Others denied that there were sufficient grounds for such a conjecture. Woe for the high-souled youth, with his dream of Earthly Immortality! His name and person utterly unknown; his history, his way of life, his plans, a mystery never to be solved, his death and his existence equally a doubt! Whose was the agony of that death moment?

WILLIE
WINKIE
and other Stories
by Rudyard Kipling



A H Wheeler & Co's
Indian Railway Library
No 6 One Rupee

Wee Willie Winkie

RUDYARD KIPLING

This is the last group of the series¹ and it naturally ends with the little children who always trot after the tail of any procession. Only women understand children thoroughly, but if a man keeps very quiet and humbles himself properly, and refrains from talking down to his superiors, the children will sometimes be good to him and let him see what they think about the world. But even after patient investigation and the condescension of the nursery, it is hard to draw babies correctly.

—*Rudyard Kipling.*

1. The allusion is to a series of stories of which *Wee Willie Winkie* was the last.

Wee Willie Winkie

“An officer and a gentleman.”

His full name was Percival William Williams, but he picked up the other name in a nursery-book, and that was the end of the christened titles. His mother's *ayah*¹ called him *Willie-Baba*,² but as he never paid the faintest attention to anything that the *ayah* said, her wisdom did not help matters.

His father was the colonel of the 195th, and as soon as Wee Willie Winkie was old enough to understand what military discipline meant, Col. Williams put him under it. There was no other way of managing the child. When he was good for a week, he drew good-conduct pay; and when he was bad, he was deprived of his good-conduct stripe. Generally he was bad, for India offers so many chances to little six-year-olds of going wrong.

Children resent familiarity from strangers, and Wee Willie Winkie was a very particular child. Once he accepted an acquaintance he

1. A native maid or nurse for children.

2. Literally *father*, but commonly used as a term of respect or kindness to children.

Wee Willie Winkie

was graciously pleased to thaw. He accepted Brandis, a subaltern of the 195th, on sight. Brandis was having tea at the Colonel's, and Wee Willie Winkie entered, strong in the possession of a good-conduct badge won for not chasing the hens round the compound.³ He regarded Brandis with gravity for at least ten minutes, and then delivered himself of his opinion.

"I like you," said he, slowly, getting off his chair and coming over to Brandis. "I like you. I shall call you Coppy, because of your hair. Do you *mind* being called Coppy? It is because of ve hair, you know."

Here was one of the most embarrassing of Wee Willie Winkie's peculiarities. He would look at a stranger for some time, and then, without warning or explanation, would give him a name. And the name stuck. No regimental penalties could break Wee Willie Winkie of this habit. He lost his good-conduct badge for christening the commissioner's wife "Pobs;" but nothing that the Colonel could do made the station forego the nickname, and Mrs. Collen remained Mrs. "Pobs" till the end of her stay. So Brandis was christened

3. A walled inclosure or courtyard, containing a residence, with the necessary outbuildings and servants' quarters.

Wee Willie Winkie

“Coppy,” and rose, therefore, in the estimation of the regiment.

If Wee Willie Winkie took an interest in any one, the fortunate man was envied alike by the mess and the rank and file. And in their envy lay no suspicion of self-interest. “The Colonel’s son” was idolized on his own merits entirely. Yet Wee Willie Winkie was not lovely. His face was permanently freckled, as his legs were permanently scratched, and, in spite of his mother’s almost tearful remonstrances, he had insisted upon having his long, yellow locks cut short in the military fashion. “I want my hair like Sergeant Tummil’s,” said Wee Willie Winkie; and, his father abetting, the sacrifice was accomplished.

Three weeks after the bestowal of his youthful affections on Lieutenant Brandis—henceforward to be called “Coppy” for the sake of brevity—Wee Willie Winkie was destined to behold strange things and far beyond his comprehension.

Coppy returned his liking with interest. Coppy had let him wear for five rapturous minutes his own big sword—just as tall as Wee Willie Winkie. Coppy had promised him a terrier puppy; and Coppy had permit-

Wee Willie Winkie

ted him to witness the miraculous operation of shaving. Nay, more — Coppy had said that even he, Wee Willie Winkie, would rise in time to the ownership of a box of shiny knives, a silver soap-box, and a silver-handled “sputter-brush,” as Wee Willie Winkie called it. Decidedly, there was no one, except his father — who could give or take away good-conduct badges at pleasure — half so wise, strong, and valiant as Coppy with the Afghan and Egyptian medals on his breast. Why, then, should Coppy be guilty of the unmanly weakness of kissing — vehemently kissing — a “big girl,” Miss Allardyce to wit? In the course of a morning ride, Wee Willie Winkie had seen Coppy so doing, and like the gentleman he was, had promptly wheeled round and cantered back to his groom, lest the groom should also see.

Under ordinary circumstances he would have spoken to his father, but he felt instinctively that this was a matter on which Coppy ought first to be consulted.

“Coppy,” shouted Wee Willie Winkie, reining up outside that subaltern’s bungalow⁴ early in the morning — “I want to see you, Coppy ! ”

4. A one-storied, thatched or tiled house, surrounded by a veranda.

Wee Willie Winkie

"Come in, young 'un," returned Coppy, who was at early breakfast in the midst of his dogs. "What mischief have you been getting into now?"

Wee Willie Winkie had done nothing notoriously bad for three days, and so stood on a pinnacle of virtue.

"I've been doing nothing bad," said he, curling himself into a long chair with a studious affectation of the Colonel's languor after a hot parade. He buried his freckled nose in a teacup, and, with eyes staring roundly over the rim, asked: "I say, Coppy, is it pwoper to kiss big girls?"

"By Jove! You're beginning early. Who do you want to kiss?"

"No one. My muvver's always kissing me if I don't stop her. If it isn't pwoper, how was you kissing Major Allardyce's big girl last morning, by ve canal?"

Coppy's brow wrinkled. He and Miss Allardyce had, with great craft, managed to keep their engagement secret for a fortnight. There were urgent and imperative reasons why Major Allardyce should not know how matters stood for at least another month, and this small marplot had discovered a great deal too much.

Wee Willie Winkie

“I saw you,” said Wee Willie Winkie, calmly. “But ve groom didn’t see. I said, ‘*Hut jao.*’ ”⁵

“Oh, you had that much sense, you young rip,” groaned poor Coppy, half-amused and half-angry. “And how many people may you have told about it?”

“Only me myself. You didn’t tell when I twied to wide ve buffalo ven my pony was lame ; and I fought you wouldn’t like.”

“Winkie,” said Coppy, enthusiastically, shaking the small hand, “you’re the best of good fellows. Look here, you can’t understand all these things. One of these days — hang it, how can I make you see it! — I’m going to marry Miss Allardyce, and then she’ll be Mrs. Coppy, as you say. If your young mind is so scandalized at the idea of kissing big girls, go and tell your father.”

“What will happen?” said Wee Willie Winkie, who firmly believed that his father was omnipotent.

“I shall get into trouble,” said Coppy, playing his trump card with an appealing look at the holder of the ace.

“Ven I won’t,” said Wee Willie Winkie, briefly. “But my faver says it’s un-man-ly

5. Go back.

Wee Willie Winkie

to be always kissing, and I didn't fink *you'd* do vat, Coppy."

"I'm not always kissing, old chap. It's only now and then, and when you're bigger you'll do it, too. Your father meant it's not good for little boys."

"Ah!" said Wee Willie Winkie, now fully enlightened. "It's like ve sputter-brush?"

"Exactly," said Coppy, gravely.

"But I don't fink I'll ever want to kiss big girls, nor no one, 'cept my muvver. And I *must* do vat, you know."

There was a long pause broken by Wee Willie Winkie.

"Are you fond of vis big girl, Coppy?"

"Awfully!" said Coppy.

"Fonder van you are of Bell or ve Butcha — or me?"

"It's in a different way," said Coppy. "You see, one of these days Miss Allardyce will belong to me, but you'll grow up and command the regiment and — all sorts of things. It's quite different, you see."

"Very well," said Wee Willie Winkie, rising. "If you're fond of ve big girl, I won't tell any one. I must go now."

Coppy rose and escorted his small guest to the door, adding: "You're the best of little

Wee Willie Winkie

fellows, Winkie. I tell you what. In thirty days from now you can tell if you like—tell any one you like.”

Thus the secret of the Brandis-Allardyce engagement was dependent on a little child's word. Coppy, who knew Wee Willie Winkie's idea of truth, was at ease, for he felt that he would not break promises. Wee Willie Winkie betrayed a special and unusual interest in Miss Allardyce, and, slowly revolving round that embarrassed young lady, was used to regard her gravely with unwinking eye. He was trying to discover why Coppy should have kissed her. She was not half so nice as his own mother. On the other hand, she was Coppy's property, and would in time belong to him. Therefore it behooved him to treat her with as much respect as Coppy's big sword or shiny pistol.

The idea that he shared a great secret in common with Coppy kept Wee Willie Winkie unusually virtuous for three weeks. Then the Old Adam broke out, and he made what he called a “camp-fire” at the bottom of the garden. How could he have foreseen that the flying sparks would have lighted the Colonel's little hay-rick and consumed a week's store for the horses? Sudden and swift was the pun-

Wee Willie Winkie

ishment—deprivation of the good-conduct badge, and, most sorrowful of all, two days' confinement to barracks—the house and veranda—coupled with the withdrawal of the light of his father's countenance.

He took the sentence like the man he strove to be, drew himself up with a quivering underlip, saluted, and, once clear of the room, ran to weep bitterly in his nursery—called by him “my quarters.” Coppy came in the afternoon and attempted to console the culprit.

“I'm under awwest,” said Wee Willie Winkie, mournfully, “and I didn't ought to speak to you.”

Very early the next morning he climbed on to the roof of the house—that was not forbidden—and beheld Miss Allardyce going for a ride.

“Where are you going?” cried Wee Willie Winkie.

“Across the river,” she answered, and trotted forward.

Now the cantonment⁶ in which the 195th lay was bounded on the north by a river—dry in the winter. From his earliest years, Wee

6. In India, a portion of a city set aside as a permanent residence for English troops. Around it usually clustered the homes of the foreign residents.

Wee Willie Winkie

Willie Winkie had been forbidden to go across the river, and had noted that even Coppy — the almost almighty Coppy — had never set foot beyond it. Wee Willie Winkie had once been read to — out of a big, blue book — the history of the princess and the goblins; a most wonderful tale of a land where the goblins were always warring with the children of men until they were defeated by one Curdie. Ever since that date, it seemed to him that the bare black-and-purple hills across the river were inhabited by goblins, and, in truth, every one had said that there lived the bad men. Even in his own house, the lower halves of the windows were covered with green paper on account of the bad men who might, if allowed clear view, fire into peaceful drawing-rooms and comfortable bedrooms. Certainly, beyond the river, which was the end of all the earth, lived the bad men. And here was Major Allardyce's big girl, Coppy's property, preparing to venture into their borders! What would Coppy say if anything happened to her? If the goblins ran off with her as they did with Curdie's princess? She must at all hazards be turned back.

The house was still. Wee Willie Winkie reflected for a moment on the very terrible

Wee Willie Winkie

wrath of his father; and then — broke his arrest ! It was a crime unspeakable. The low sun threw his shadow, very large and very black, on the trim garden-paths, as he went down to the stables and ordered his pony. It seemed to him, in the hush of the dawn, that all the big world had been bidden to stand still and look at Wee Willie Winkie guilty of mutiny. The drowsy groom handed him his mount, and, since the one great sin made all others insignificant, Wee Willie Winkie said that he was going to ride over to Coppy Sahib,⁷ and went out at a foot-pace, stepping on the soft mold of the flower-borders.

The devastating track of the pony's feet was the last misdeed that cut him off from all sympathy of humanity. He turned into the road, leaned forward, and rode as fast as the pony could put foot to the ground, in the direction of the river.

But the liveliest of twelve-two⁸ ponies can do little against the long canter of a waler.⁹ Miss Allardyce was far ahead, had passed through the crops, beyond the police-post,

7. Sahib is a title of respect corresponding to Sir, and is used by the natives of India in referring to a European.

8. In height, twelve hands and two inches — 50 inches.

9. In India, a horse imported from Australia, particularly from New South Wales.

Wee Willie Winkie

when all the guards were asleep, and her mount was scattering the pebbles of the river-bed as Wee Willie Winkie left the cantonment and British India behind him. Bowed forward and still flogging, Wee Willie Winkie shot into Afghan territory, and could just see Miss Allardyce, a black speck, flickering across the stony plain. The reason of her wandering was simple enough. Coppy, in a tone of too hastily assumed authority, had told her overnight that she must not ride out by the river. And she had gone to prove her own spirit and teach Coppy a lesson.

Almost at the foot of the inhospitable hills, Wee Willie Winkie saw the waler blunder and come down heavily. Miss Allardyce struggled clear, but her ankle had been severely twisted, and she could not stand. Having thus demonstrated her spirit, she wept copiously, and was surprised by the apparition of a white wide-eyed child in khaki,¹⁰ on a nearly spent pony.

“Are you badly—badly hurted?” shouted Wee Willie Winkie, as soon as he was within range. “You didn’t ought to be here.”

“I don’t know,” said Miss Allardyce, rue-

10. A light drab, or chocolate-colored cloth used there for uniforms by some of the East Indian regiments. It has since come into common use in hot countries.

Wee Willie Winkie

fully, ignoring the reproof. “ Good gracious, child, what are *you* doing here ? ”

“ You said you was going acwoss ve wiver,” panted Wee Willie Winkie, throwing himself off his pony. “ And nobody, — not even Coppy — must go acwoss ve wiver, and I came after you ever so hard; but you wouldn’t stop, and now you’ve hurted yourself, and Coppy will be angwy wiv me, and — I’ve bwoke my awwest ! I’ve bwoke my awwest ! ”

The future colonel of the 195th sat down and sobbed. In spite of the pain in her ankle, the girl was moved.

“ Have you ridden all the way from cantonments, little man ? What for ? ”

“ You belonged to Coppy. Coppy told me so ! ” wailed Wee Willie Winkie, disconsolately. “ I saw him kissing you, and he said he was fonder of you van Bell or ve Butcha or me. And so I came. You must get up and come back. You didn’t ought to be here. Vis is a bad place and I’ve bwoke my awwest. ”

“ I can’t move, Winkie,” said Miss Allardyce, with a groan. “ I’ve hurt my foot. What shall I do ? ”

She showed a readiness to weep afresh, which steadied Wee Willie Winkie, who had been

Wee Willie Winkie

brought up to believe that tears were the depth of unmanliness. Still, when one is as great a sinner as Wee Willie Winkie, even a man may be permitted to break down.

“Winkie,” said Miss Allardyce, “when you’ve rested a little, ride back and tell them to send out something to carry me back in. It hurts fearfully.”

The child sat still for a little time, and Miss Allardyce closed her eyes; the pain was nearly making her faint. She was roused by Wee Willie Winkie tying up the reins on his pony’s neck, and setting it free with a vicious cut of his whip that made it whicker. The little animal headed toward the cantonments.

“Oh, Winkie! What are you doing?”

“Hush!” said Wee Willie Winkie. “Vere’s a man coming — one of ve bad men. I must stay wiv you. My faver says a man must *always* look after a girl. Jack will go home, and ven vey’ll come and look for us. Vat’s why I let him go.”

Not one man but two or three had appeared from behind the rocks of the hills, and the heart of Wee Willie Winkie sank within him, for just in this manner were the goblins wont to steal out and vex Curdie’s soul. Thus had they played in Curdie’s garden — he had seen

Wee Willie Winkie

the picture — and thus had they frightened the princess's nurse. He heard them talking to each other, and recognized with joy the bastard Pushtu¹¹ that he had picked up from one of his father's grooms lately dismissed. People who spoke that tongue could not be the bad men. They were only natives after all.

They came up to the bowlders on which Miss Allardyce's horse had blundered.

Then rose from the rock Wee Willie Winkie, child of the dominant race, aged six and three-quarters, and said, briefly and emphatically, "*Jao !*" The pony had crossed the river-bed.

The men laughed, and laughter from the natives was the one thing Wee Willie Winkie could not tolerate. He asked them what they wanted and why they did not depart. Other men, with most evil faces and crooked-stocked guns, crept out of the shadows of the hills, till soon Wee Willie Winkie was face to face with an audience some twenty strong. Miss Allardyce screamed.

"Who are you?" said one of the men.

"I am the Colonel Sahib's son, and my order is that you go at once. You black men are frightening the Miss Sahib. One of you must run into cantonments and take the news that

11. Pushtu is the Afghan language.

Wee Willie Winkie

the Miss Sahib has hurt herself, and that the Colonel's son is here with her."

"Put our feet into the trap?" was the laughing reply. "Hear this boy's speech!"

"Say that I sent you—I, the Colonel's son. They will give you money."

"What is the use of this talk? Take up the child and the girl, and we can at least ask for the ransom. Ours are the villages on the heights," said a voice in the background.

These *were* the bad men—worse than the goblins—and it needed all Wee Willie Winkie's training to prevent him from bursting into tears. But he felt that to cry before a native, excepting only his mother's *ayah*, would be an infamy greater than any mutiny. Moreover, he, as future colonel of the 195th, had that grim regiment at his back.

"Are you going to carry us away?" said Wee Willie Winkie, very blanched and uncomfortable.

"Yes, my little *Sahib Bahadur*,"¹² said the tallest of the men; "and eat you afterward."

"That is child's talk," said Wee Willie Winkie. "Men do not eat men."

A yell of laughter interrupted him, but he went on, firmly: "And if you do carry us

12. Bahadur is a title of marked respect, meaning hero or champion.

Wee Willie Winkie

away, I tell you that all my regiment will come up in a day and kill you all without leaving one. Who will take my message to the Colonel Sahib ?''

Speech in any vernacular—and Wee Willie Winkie had a colloquial acquaintance with three—was easy to the boy who could not yet manage his *r*'s and *th*'s aright.

Another man joined the conference, crying: "Oh, foolish men! What this babe says is true. He is the heart's heart of those white troops. For the sake of peace, let them go both; for, if he is taken, the regiment will break loose and gut the valley. *Our* villages are in the valley, and we shall not escape. That regiment are devils. They broke Khoda Yar's breast-bone with kicks when he tried to take the rifles; and, if we touch this child, they will fire and rape and plunder for a month, till nothing remains. Better to send a man back to take the message and get a reward. I say that this child is their god, and that they will spare none of us, nor our women, if we harm him."

It was Din Mahommed, the dismissed groom of the Colonel, who made the diversion, and an angry and heated discussion followed. Wee Willie Winkie, standing over Miss Allar-

Wee Willie Winkie

dyce, waited the upshot. Surely his "wegiment," his own "wegiment," would not desert him if they knew of his extremity.

* * * * *

The riderless pony brought the news to the 195th, though there had been consternation in the Colonel's household for an hour before. The little beast came in through the parade-ground in front of the main barracks, where the men were settling down to play spoil-five¹³ till the afternoon. Devlin, the color-sergeant of E Company, glanced at the empty saddle and tumbled through the barrack-rooms, kicking up each room corporal as he passed. "Up, ye beggars! there's something happened to the Colonel's son," he shouted.

"He couldn't fall off! S'elp me, 'e *couldn't* fall off," blubbered a drummer-boy. "Go an' hunt acrost the river. He's over there if he's anywhere, an' may be those Pathans¹⁴ have got 'im. For the love o' Gawd, don't look for 'im in the nullahs!¹⁵ Let's go over the river."

13. A game of cards. Five are dealt each player. Three tricks win the game, but if no player secures that number, the game is said to be *spoiled*.

14. The Afghans.

15. River-bed or dry watercourses.

Wee Willie Winkie

“There’s sense in Mott yet,” said Devlin.
“E Company, double out to the river—sharp!”

So E Company, in its shirt-sleeves mainly, doubled for the dear life, and in the rear toiled the perspiring sergeant, adjuring it to double yet faster. The cantonment was alive with the men of the 195th hunting for Wee Willie Winkie, and the Colonel finally overtook E Company, far too exhausted to swear, struggling in the pebbles of the river-bed.

Up the hill under which Wee Willie Winkie’s bad men were discussing the wisdom of carrying off the child and the girl, a lookout fired two shots.

“What have I said?” shouted Din Mahammed. “There is the warning! The *pultun*¹⁶ are out already and are coming across the plain! Get away! Let us not be seen with the boy!”

* * * * *

“The wegiment is coming,” said Wee Willie Winkie, confidently, to Miss Allardyce, “and it’s all wight. Don’t cry!”

He needed the advice himself, for, ten minutes later, when his father came up, he was weeping bitterly with his head in Miss Allardyce’s lap.

16. An Indian term for a regiment of infantry.

Wee Willie Winkie

And the men of the 195th carried him home with shouts and rejoicings; and Coppy, who had ridden a horse into a lather, met him, and, to his intense disgust, kissed him openly in the presence of the men.

But there was balm for his dignity. His father assured him that not only would the breaking of arrest be condoned, but that the good-conduct badge would be restored as soon as his mother could sew it on his blouse-sleeve. Miss Allardyce had told the Colonel a story that made him proud of his son.

“She belonged to you, Coppy,” said Wee Willie Winkie, indicating Miss Allardyce with a grimy forefinger. “I *knew* she didn’t ought to go acwoss ve wiver, and I knew ve wegment would come to me if I sent Jack home.”

“You’re a hero, Winkie,” said Coppy — “a *pukka*¹⁷ hero!”

“I don’t know what vat means,” said Wee Willie Winkie; “but you mustn’t call me Winkie any no more. I’m Percival Will’am Will’ams.”

And in this manner did Wee Willie Winkie enter into his manhood.

¹⁷. Pukka — perfect.



RUDYARD KIPLING

Applied Methods
for
Teaching Reading and Literature

Reading for the Story

Reading is for one's self or for others. A person reads for himself in order that he may obtain pleasure and inspiration, or for information. He reads for others to give pleasure, inspiration or instruction, and he accomplishes his purposes in proportion to the expressiveness with which he reads. Every teacher, then, is concerned with both silent and oral reading. But usually he teaches the pupil to read chiefly in order that the latter may learn the lessons assigned him from text-books. Occasionally only, the instruction is for the purpose of giving the pupil amusement and recreation.

When a boy grows up, if he is a business man, he reads the newspaper to gratify his curiosity and to assist him in his occupation, whatever that may be. Sometimes he reads articles in the current magazines, but rarely more. The girl becomes a woman and the cares of the family or the demands of society, or perchance the claims of the work by which she earns her livelihood, permit her to skim merely the short stories in the periodicals or dip into the last much-discussed novel. She has ceased to read for improvement and has never acquired the power to obtain rest

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and pleasure from good literature. To a considerable degree the schools are at fault for this. If children were taught how to get the most enjoyment from their reading, they would not so readily abandon it. If older persons would train themselves to read as they should, life would become delightful in this age of cheap books and inexpensive magazines.

People need not be afraid to read the things they really enjoy. Improvement does not necessarily come from delving into dry old tomes of history or from struggling with science and philosophy. It is not an unusual thing for a father to urge his son to read Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* or Macaulay's *Essays*, to the exclusion of the entertaining stories of adventure that the lad covets. The independent adult reader, anxious to improve himself, enters upon an elaborate and systematic course of reading and abandons it in weariness and despair before he has fairly begun. Enjoyment is no sin; it is the basis of all rational improvement. The trained mind may find the keenest pleasure in abstract arguments or in the discussion of abstruse problems; but for most readers, particularly those who are young or whose education is to a certain extent limited, pleasure must come from a direct appeal to the emotions. Good literature appeals to the sympathy of mankind and cultivates courage, bravery,

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patriotism and the finer feelings. The reading matter, then, which a teacher should use in the earlier years of a child's education should be such as will excite his feelings and rouse his sensibilities in such a way that they become important factors in the formation of correct and discriminating taste.

For this purpose, fiction in many of its forms is most effective, and, if properly read, nothing is more stimulating or more liable to lead to higher effort in more abstract lines. But, "if properly read" is a significant phrase, for more depends upon the manner of reading than upon the matter that is read. Too often the exciting incidents, the chief lines of the plot leading up to the thrilling climax, are all that attract the reader of a story. But it is possible so to teach children that they will not only get all the pleasure that the train of incidents gives, but will find in the story much that will assist them in interpreting even the dry details of their other lessons.

It is for the purpose of showing how reading may be so taught as to produce the best results that *Applied Methods of Teaching Reading and Literature* is included in *English and American Literature*. A section on methods will be found as a part of each volume, and combined, these sections will give complete directions for teaching children to read in all the great departments of literature.

EXERCISE I

METHOD FOR A STORY

Introduction

1. **TEACHER'S PREPARATION.** Always read the lesson before you assign it, and be sure you can pronounce every word correctly and that you know its meaning. Master the significance of the figures of speech and study the phraseology so that when questions are asked by your class you will not destroy their confidence by your hesitation. Study the outlines which are here given and prepare similar ones for the new selection you are to present. Do not feel obliged always to write your outlines, but be sure that you have them thoroughly in mind. Nothing destroys the interest of a class more completely than poorly organized presentation.

2. **LENGTH OF LESSONS.** You can not expect your pupils to do everything that is indicated in one lesson, or in two lessons, even. Their advancement and individual attainments must govern you. If the children grow tired of the piece before you are through with it, leave it and go on to another, where you can follow the same line. After a while you can bring them back to the first piece

Method for a Story

and their interest will revive. If it is adapted to their age and acquirements, they will be glad to read it as long as you can bring up new things in it.

3. FIRST ASSIGNMENT ON THE SELECTION. If the pupils can read reasonably well, tell them to read the story through before they come to the class next time. If they find words they do not know and of which they can not themselves find the meaning, they may pass over them and read on to the end. When the children come to the class they will know enough about the story to understand your questions and your succeeding assignments.

4. CHARACTER. Following this paragraph is a short list of traits of character and their opposites. This list is meant to be suggestive to you. You will not, of course, give it at once to your pupils, but from time to time, as traits of character are found in the persons in the stories you read, you will jot them down and keep the list where it can be seen by the pupils at any time. No one story will furnish all the traits, and the list may sometimes grow slowly. If you use the method of questioning in bringing out these traits of character, your pupils will come to feel a proprietary interest in the list and will use it willingly.

No attempt has been made to classify the traits, and you will observe that they are not wholly distinct; often two may be very similar. The oppo-

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sites are not always exact opposites. You will wish to have your pupils classify these traits of character as good or bad or indifferent. It will be an easy matter for them to notice these traits in themselves. You may find an excellent opportunity to offer a kind and helpful suggestion to somebody who shows in himself an unpleasant trait of character that is brought out in a story. Such suggestions, however, should be private between yourself and the pupil, unless you have your class so well in hand that you can speak of such things without giving offense. Here follows the list :

active	passive	generous	selfish
affectionate	cold	heroic	cowardly
agreeable	disagreeable	honest	dishonest
ambitious	satisfied	joyful	solemn
brave	timid	loving	hating
conceited	modest	obedient	disobedient
cruel	kind	proud	humble
excitable	calm	revengeful	forgiving
faithful	false	serious	jolly
fretful	serene		

5. EMOTIONS OR FEELINGS. As you are working with your class under this topic, you will need to be skillful in adapting your study to the age and acquirements of your pupils. You will work in the manner that was suggested in the preceding paragraph and prepare your list in the same way.

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The suggestive list which follows makes no attempt to distinguish between feelings and emotions, or to classify them. You will find it interesting to point out contrasts to your pupils and to call attention to the difference between an all-absorbing emotion, such as fear, and the milder feeling shown in the love for knowledge. Watch for the following :

anger	pain
beauty	patriotism
companionship	perplexity
curiosity	pleasure
enjoyment	rage
fear	resentment
fury	reverence
gaiety	self-approval
happiness	self-confidence
joy	self-esteem
love	self-satisfaction
love of approbation	spite
love of beauty	sympathy
love of knowledge	wonder
mirth	

6. THE OUTLINES. The outlines follow the line of thought described in *The Study of Fiction*, on page 13 of this volume. That is a section you should study carefully to get a clear idea of the purpose of your work with children. Let the outlines here be your guide. Do not furnish

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them ready-made to your pupils. Develop each step in them by question and direction, helping the children when necessary, but requiring them to find facts and references by research in the story. In their investigations they will read the story many times, and each time with a special purpose. Keep that special purpose to the front. Do not let the children wander off into fruitless talk about other things the story contains.

This exercise and the next, at least, should be read carefully, whether you intend to teach the selections or not, because these outlines are more complete than succeeding ones and are filled with valuable suggestions applicable to all lessons.

How Andy Saved the Train¹

FANNY FERN²

1. Andy Moore was a short, freckled, little country boy, tough as a pine knot. Sometimes he wore a cap and sometimes he did not. He was not at all particular about that; his shaggy red hair, he thought, protected his head well enough.

1. This selection is printed on page 153 of *Book Four* of the *Cyr Readers by Grades*, published by Ginn & Co. A somewhat modified version is printed in *Baldwin's Readers, Third Year*, published by the American Book Company.

2. Sara Payson Willis was born in 1812 and died in 1872. She was a sister of the poet N. P. Willis and became the wife of James Parton, the historian. Under the name of Fanny Fern she wrote a great many charming stories for children.

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2. As for what people would think of it,—he did not live in a city where one's shoe-lacings are noticed ; his home was in the country, and a very wild, rocky country it was. He knew much more about beavers, rattlesnakes, and birds' eggs than he did about fashions.

3. He liked to sit rocking on the top of a great, tall tree, or to stand on a high hill, where the wind almost took him off his feet. Andy's house was a rough shanty on the side of the hill ; it was built of mud, peat, and logs, with holes for windows. There was nothing very pleasant there.

4. Near his father's house there was a railroad track ; and Andy often watched the black engine as it came puffing past, belching out great clouds of steam and smoke, and screeching through the valleys and under the hills like a mad thing. Although it went by the house every day, yet he never wished to ride in it ; he had been content with lying on the sand bank, watching it disappear in the distance, leaving a great wreath of smoke curling round the tree tops.

5. One day, as Andy was strolling across the track, he saw that there was something wrong about it. He did not know much about railroad tracks, because he was as yet quite a

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little lad ; but the rails seemed to be wrong somehow, and Andy had heard of cars being thrown off by such things.

6. Just then he heard a low, distant noise. Dear, dear ! the cars were coming then ! He was but a little boy, but perhaps he could stop them in some way ; at any rate there was nobody else there to do it.

7. Andy never thought that he might be killed himself ; but he went and stood straight in the middle of the track, just before the bad place on it that I have told you about, and stretched out his little arms as far apart as he could. On, on came the cars, louder and louder. The engineer saw the boy on the track, and whistled for him to get out of the way. Andy never moved a hair.

8. Again the engine whistled. Andy might have been made of stone for all the notice he took of it. Then the engineer, of course, had to stop the train, saying something in his anger to the boy as he did so, "for not getting out of the way." But when Andy pointed to the track, and the man saw how the brave little fellow had not only saved his life, but the lives of all his passengers, his scolding changed to blessing very quickly.

9. Everybody rushed out to see what a hor-

How Andy Saved the Train

rible death they had escaped. Had the cars rushed over the bad track, they would have been hurled headlong down the steep bank into the river. Ladies kissed Andy's rough, freckled face, and cried over him ; and the men, as they looked at their wives and children, wiped their eyes and said, "God bless the boy."

And that is not all: they took out their purses and made up a large sum of money for him ; not that they could ever repay the service he had done them,—they knew that,—but to show him in some way besides in mere words that they felt grateful.

10. Now that boy had presence of mind. Good, brave little Andy ! The passengers all wrote down his name—Andy Moore—and the place he lived in ; and if you wish to know what was done for him, I will tell you.

He was sent to school, and, in after years, to college, and these people whose lives he saved paid his bills, and helped to make a place in the world for him.

Outline

1. TEACHER'S PREPARATION. As you read the story for the first time consider the following:

"*Tough as a pine knot.*" Why *bine* knot? Is

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not a birch knot tougher? Your pupils may be able to help you here. If a birch knot is tougher, has the author used a poor figure? The pupils may think so—and you can agree with them; or you may feel that *tough as a pine knot* was so frequently in use in conversation among early settlers in New England where pines grew, that it really has become a very forceful expression.

“*Never moved a hair.*” In what is the strength of the figure? Would *never moved a muscle* or *never moved a hand* be as strong? Why not?

Be critical yourself. There is no harm in showing your pupils that you are critical. For instance, is there not something wrong in the sentence, “*Everybody* rushed out to see what a horrible death *they* had escaped”? *Everybody* is singular. Why then use *they*? Is there a pronoun you can use correctly? If not, will it not be better to say *all rushed out*, or to change the structure of the sentence?

2. THE PERSONS. This story is really very simple, and the people who appear in it are few in number. They are Andy Moore; his father; the engineer, and the passengers, both ladies and gentlemen. All the interest centers in Andy. His father is mentioned but once, and none of the passengers is given any personality. The engineer shows himself a little. Draw attention to the fact that two persons we naturally expect to appear are not even mentioned—Andy’s mother

How Andy Saved the Train

and the conductor. Encourage the pupils to talk about such things.

Present the hero, Andy Moore, in accordance with the following outline:

a. Body.

Short (par. 1).

Tough as a pine knot (par. 1). So you know he was a big-boned, stocky, little fellow.

b. Head and Face.

Shaggy red hair (par. 1).

Freckled (par. 1 and 9).

Rough face (par. 9). We may infer from his acts that it was an intelligent face, with high forehead, bright, sparkling eyes, and a firm jaw.

c. Clothing. Sometimes a cap and sometimes not (par. 1). Nothing more is said, so you may clothe him as you like. Let the pupils use their imagination and picture the little chap vividly—bareheaded, barefooted, no coat, waist torn, breeches ragged and held up by one suspender.

3. THE PLOT. a. Incidents in the development:

(1) Andy sees something wrong in the railroad.

(2) He hears the train coming and knows an accident might happen.

(3) He stands in front of the approaching train and stretches his arms far apart.

(4) The train whistles to drive him off.

(5) He keeps his place and the train stops.

(6) The engineer and other men bless him and the ladies kiss him and cry over him.

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(7) The passengers make up a large sum of money for him.

(8) Afterwards the passengers pay his bills at school and college.

b. Summary: A boy seeing a fault in a railway track, stops a train and saves the lives of the passengers, who reward him.

4. CHARACTER AND DEVELOPMENT. Andy Moore.

(1) Careless of appearance (par. 1, 2).

(2) Self-reliant. He found his own amusements. What were they?

(3) Daring. *Rocking on the top of a great tall tree*, etc. (par. 3).

(4) Dreamy. *Content with lying on the sand bank*, etc. (par. 4).

(5) Observant. Knew about beavers, etc. (par. 2); saw defect in rails (par. 5).

(6) Intelligent. Recognized the possibility of danger (par. 5).

(7) Unselfish. Wished to save the train (par. 6); never thought of being killed himself (par. 7).

(8) Courageous. Was not frightened by the train nor by the whistle (par. 7).

(9) *Brave* (par. 8 and 10).

(10) *Good* (par. 10).

(11) *Had presence of mind* (par. 10).

(12) Silent, not talkative. He *pointed* to the track (par. 8).

There are other traits of character manifested

How Andy Saved the Train

by the boy, but those mentioned are varied and numerous enough for such a lesson. Call the attention of the class to the fact that the author tells you of but three [(9), (10) and (11)]; all the rest we infer from his actions.

Use the imagination of the children still further by raising questions for them to answer. Accept no answers as good ones that are not borne out by the character of Andy as shown in the story. Yet remember always that the children have different points of view and have not your store of knowledge to interpret by. Try these questions:

a. How did Andy look and act when the women kissed him and cried over him?

b. How did Andy act when the engineer *said something in his anger*?

c. Was Andy a bright boy when he went to school? Was he a hard worker? Did the other boys like him?

d. What kind of a *place in the world* did they make for him?

5. EMOTIONS AND FEELINGS. With young pupils, such, for instance, as will enjoy this story, you should deal only with those emotions which they can understand and appreciate. Yet teach them to recognize by the acts of Andy what emotions and feelings swayed him at different times, and then lead the children to see what their own feelings were. There are comparatively few things of this kind to consider in this selection.

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a. Andy shows :

- Happiness (par. 1-4).
- Love for nature (par. 2 and 4).
- Love for man (par. 6-8).
- No fear whatever (par. 7 and 8).

b. The engineer shows :

- Feeling of responsibility (par. 7 and 8).
- Respect for life (par. 8).
- Anger (par. 8).
- Joy and gratitude (par. 8).

c. The reader may feel :

- Pleasure in the picture of the happy, healthy boy.
- Admiration for his courage.
- Fear for his safety. Which predominates, fear for the child's safety or for the safety of the passengers? Why?
- Joy at their deliverance.
- Sympathy with the grateful passengers.
- Affection for Andy and interest in his career.

6. SCENES. This is a story for country children particularly. You may have to help city children to see the pictures, but it will not be difficult. Paint freely with words and let loose your enthusiasm, after you have drawn what you can from the pupils. Use your imagination freely, but be careful to contradict none of the statements in the story.

a. General. Imagine yourself facing the scene

How Andy Saved the Train

of the incident. There in the background is a high, wind-swept hill; on its summit are a few weather-beaten trees; on its side nearer us is one *great, tall tree*, or more. In a little hollow, still nearer, is a *rough shanty of mud, peat and logs with holes for windows*. The ground in front is beaten down and littered with rubbish. A small wood-pile, a rickety pig pen and an ill-kept garden are near the hut. Closer to us, at the foot of the hill, is a railway track coming from a valley at the right, running across in front of us on an embankment that leads to a bridge across a river which we see flowing between wooded banks at our left. Such is the scene in which the story is laid.

Ask some of the pupils to draw a map of the scene, locating the hut, the track, the hill, the river and the trees. Ask others to draw the house and others to show Andy stopping the train. Do not laugh at crude drawings. If you show interest you can create interest, and the children will be learning to express themselves.

b. Special. Now bring life into the scene and make the climax of the story vivid and interesting. Fill in details to make the events dramatic. Picture the broken rail and the danger of an accident. Show the boy, the train, the engineer, the excited passengers rushing out of the train and gathering about the boy. Imagine yourself there, grow enthusiastic and carry your pupils with you. Do not overdo the matter, but when your pupils

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have become aroused, call upon them to read paragraphs 5 to 9 inclusive. They will forget they are in the schoolroom, will see Andy between themselves and the pages of the book, and will throw some expression into their reading.

7. THE PURPOSE AND THE LESSON. If you have carried your work out successfully thus far, you will not need to say much about the lesson of the story. It has taught itself, and every little heart will respond to the heroism of the boy's noble act. You may possibly call upon some of the children to tell what they think of the story, but beware of spoiling a good impression.

8. THE FINAL READING. As a closing exercise have the pupils read the story aloud from beginning to end. Arrange beforehand the order in which they shall read so that you will not need to interrupt them; allow no criticisms until the story is finished. If anyone hesitates over a word or fails to give the meaning, help him quickly and easily without destroying the interest of others by delay or your own impatient voice. If you have taken pains to use the words of the story frequently and have asked the pupils to use them often, there will be little hesitation and you will be delighted with the expressiveness of the reading.



FALCON CRAG, DERWENTWATER

EXERCISE II

METHOD FOR A STORY

The Ugly Duckling¹

ADAPTED FROM HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN²

1. In the country the summer weather was fine and warm. The meadows were filled with haystacks, the pretty heads of the oats were waving in the breezes and the corn was ripening in the bright sunshine. In the deep woods around the fields were pools of water, shaded and dark, where fishes and waterfowl loved to stay.

2. A cozy old farmhouse stood near a deep river, along whose bank grew great burdocks and tall rushes. So big and high were

1. A different version of this story is printed in *Stepping Stones to Literature, A Third Reader*, published by Silver, Burdett & Co.

2. Hans Christian Anderson was a famous story teller who lived in Denmark from 1805 to 1875. He was a big, ungainly man, who thought himself handsome and who dressed extravagantly. He wrote poetry and thought it very fine, but everybody now knows him best because of his wonderful stories for children. His own mind was simple and he had so childish a way of looking at everything in nature that the children of every nation love his stories as the older people love Shakespere.

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they that a child could stand upright and still be entirely hidden.

3. Close to the bank of the river an old duck sat on her nest, safely hidden from everybody. She had covered the eggs for a long time now and was growing very weary. It seemed as though the eggs would never hatch, and she was lonesome, for visitors did not come often to see her. The rest of the ducks swam in the river and thought it was hard work to climb the slippery bank and poor fun to keep her company.

4. But at last the mother duck had her reward. One shell cracked a little, then another and another, and soon a living bird came from each egg and lifted its head crying, "Peep, peep."

5. "Quack, quack," answered the mother. Then all the little ones tried to quack and rose up in the nest and looked about them at the green leaves. This pleased the old duck, for she knew that green was good for their eyes.

6. "How large the world is," said the little ducks. They could not see far but the nest seemed very big after they had been so long in the shells.

"Why children," said the mother, "this is not the whole world. It goes out to the

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big river one way, then by the farmhouse in another direction and then over into the parson's field. But I never have been so far as that."

7. "Are you all out of the shells?" she asked as she stood up.

"Oh, no, not all yet. There is one big egg that still lies over there. Must I keep sitting here longer? Oh, I am so tired." But again faithfully she sat down upon the egg.

8. A friendly old duck waddled along to pay her a visit and said, "Well, how are you getting on?"

"Oh, all my eggs excepting one have hatched, but that one does take so long. It will not break. But are not these the dearest little ducklings you ever saw? They are the very image of their father."

9. The wise old duck said, "Let me look at that big egg. I sat for a long time once on turkey's eggs and after they hatched I could not do anything with the young ones. They would not go near the water. I tried and tried, but could not lead them near it. Let me look at the egg you are sitting on. Just as I thought. That is a turkey's egg. You better leave it there and teach your own children to swim."

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10. But the mother duck said, "I think I will sit here a little longer. A few days will not tire me much more and I have been here so long I shall not notice it."

"Well, just as you please," said the old duck as she waddled away.

11. At last the mother duck heard another "Peep, peep," under her wings and, looking down, she saw that the great egg had broken. It was a very big and ugly duckling that looked up at her. "He certainly is very large," she said. "He does not look like any one of the others. I wonder if he is a young turkey. Well, he will go into the water, even if I have to push him in."

12. The next day as the sun was shining bright and warm, the mother duck took her whole family down to the water for a swim. She cried, "quack, quack," and jumped in with a big splash. All the little ducklings jumped in after her and the water closed over their heads. But they quickly came up and swam joyfully around, splashing the water and ducking their little heads. Not one was missing. Even the big, ugly duckling was in the water with the rest.

13. "He is not a turkey. He is surely my child, and if you look at him, he does not

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seem so very ugly. He swims finely, too, and holds himself up very straight and brave.”

14. When the first lesson in swimming was over, the good old mother duck said, “Quack, quack, follow me to the duck yard, but keep very close so that you don’t get lost. You must watch out for the big cat. She may get you.”

15. The ducklings all followed obediently, and when they came to the farmyard they saw two families of ducks fighting over an eel’s head, and while they were fighting the ducklings saw the big cat come up and carry off the eel’s head.

16. “See, children, that is the way of the world,” said the duck mother. “Now use your legs and see how well you can act. When you come to the big old duck over there, bow your heads. She is a Spanish duck, and very proud. See, she has a red rag tied to her leg. That is a great honor for a duck, and something to be proud of. The farmer is afraid to lose her and so has marked her with a red rag. Now walk quickly, turn your toes in, not out, just as I do. See? So.”

17. So all the little ducks bowed their heads and said, “Quack, quack.” But the other ducks laughed aloud at them. “Will you

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look here !” said one ; “just as though there are not enough of us already! But here comes another brood. And look at that ugly duckling! He never can stay here.” Then she flew at him and struck him hard with her bill in the neck.

“Let him alone,” said his mother. “He has not harmed you.”

“No. That is true; but he is big and ugly and awkward and needs to be bitten.”

18. Then the old Spanish duck spoke up and said, “You may feel proud. The others are beautiful children. Only that one needs to be improved.”

“Now I never can do that,” said the mother duck. “I know he is not pretty, but he is good and he swims finely with the others ; I think even better than any of them. I wish he were not so big. I think he stayed too long in the egg. I cannot help that.” Then she stroked his feathers lovingly and said, “I think he will grow up strong and take care of himself. He is a good duckling, if he is ugly.”

19. The old Spanish duck answered, “Well, the other ducklings are good enough, so you may make yourself at home; and if you find an eel’s head, bring it to me.”

20. The ducklings tried to make themselves

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at home, but the ugly one was bitten and pushed and laughed at by all the ducks and the hens and the other barnyard fowls. "He is too big," they all said. The big turkey-cock, who always wore his spurs and thought he was a king, puffed himself out like a ship with full sails and flew straight at the duckling, who ran crying to his mother.

21. This all happened in the first day, but afterwards it grew worse and worse. Everybody drove the poor duckling about, and even his brothers and sisters turned against him. One of them said, "Oh, you ugly old thing. I wish the cat might catch you." The ducks bit him, the hens pecked him and the girl who came out to feed the poultry kicked him away with her foot.

22. At last he could not stand it any longer, and one night he ran away. He ran for hours, it seemed to him, but finally he came to a great marsh where there were some wild ducks living. Here he stayed all night, tired and frightened.

23. The wild ducks did not see him till morning, and then they said, "What kind of a thing are you?" The poor duckling could only bow politely to all of them. He was too much frightened to speak.

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24. Then they said, "You are a very ugly creature, but you can stay here if you do not marry into our family." The poor ugly duckling had never thought of marrying into anybody's family. All he wanted to do was to lie among the rushes and drink the water from the marsh. He was very grateful and for two whole days was almost happy.

25. Just then two saucy young wild geese flew into the marsh and said, "Look at this duckling. He is so ugly that we like him. We will take him with us. He can fly with us over to another marsh as fine as this, where perhaps he can find a wild goose as ugly as he is."

26. They had just risen from the marsh when, "Crack! Crack!" went two land guns, and both geese fell dead. The hunters had come and the smoke of their guns was rolling in clouds over the water. The poor duckling was frightened out of his little wits, and did not know which way to turn.

27. While he was shivering with fright a big dog, with open jaws, fiery eyes and tongue hanging from his mouth, came rushing up. The duckling gave up all hope, but the big dog only poked him sharply with his nose, showed his teeth and went away without hurting him.

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28. "Now I am glad I am so ugly. Even a dog will not bite me," said the duckling. The hunters never found him, for he had learned now to lie quite still while they stayed by.

29. When night came on and the hunters went back home with their game bags well filled, the ugly duckling flew away from the marsh as fast as he could. He crossed a field and a meadow and a big river, and then a fierce storm came up. The wind was so strong that he could not fly against it, and he came down to the ground near a tiny cottage in the edge of the woods.

30. This cottage was a queer little place and so old it seemed about to fall down, but it kept standing because it did not know which way to fall first. The duckling was afraid and wanted to run away, but the wind blew so hard and so much rain fell that he had to go through the open door into the house for shelter.

31. A funny old woman lived in the cottage all alone with her cat and her hen. She called the cat Little Son and the hen Chicken Short-legs. The cat could raise his back and purr sweetly, but if his fur was stroked the wrong way he could throw fiery sparks out of it. The hen

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laid very good eggs, and the old woman loved her as though she were her own child.

32. When morning came they all saw the strange duckling. The hen clucked, the cat purred and the old lady spoke. "What is this?" she said. She was so old that she could not see very well and so she thought a fine, fat duck had come into the house. "Now that is a prize," she said, "and I will soon have some duck's eggs."

33. So she fed the duckling and kept it for three long weeks, but no eggs came. The cat and the hen thought they owned the house; one was master and the other mistress. They always said, "We and the world," for they thought they were half of the world, and the better half, too. The duckling knew this was not so, but the cat and the hen would not listen to him when he tried to tell them so.

34. "Can you lay eggs?" the hen asked.

"No."

"Then please be so good as to hold your tongue."

35. The cat said, "Can you raise the feathers on your back and purr and send out sparks?"

"No."

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“Then please keep still when sensible people talk.”

36. So again the duckling was lonesome and sad and sat long hours moping in the corner alone. One day the sun shone bright and the fresh air came in through the open door. It made him think about the water and he felt so great a wish to go in swimming that he could not help telling the hen.

“How foolish,” she said. “You are lazy and have nothing to do and you think nonsense. If you could lay eggs or raise your fur or purr, it would be all right.”

“But it is delightful to swim and to dive down to the bottom and feel the water close over your head,” said the duckling.

37. “Yes, that must be fine,” answered the hen. “You are out of your senses. Ask the cat. He knows all about such things. Ask him how he would like to swim and dive down to the bottom. I will not tell you what I think. Ask our mistress, the old lady, for she knows more than anybody else in the world. And do you think she would like to swim and let the water close over her head?”

“Oh, you do not understand me,” said the duckling.

38. “So we do not understand you? I won-

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der who could understand you. Do you think you know more than the old lady and the cat—I won't say anything about myself? Now don't think such nonsense. We let you in here and you should be happy. The room is warm and you have wise company who may teach you something. But when you say such silly things your company is not pleasant. I am telling you this for your own good. What I say may not be pleasant to you, but that is a proof of my friendship. Now I tell you to lay eggs and to learn to purr as soon as ever you can."

39. The duckling sighed and said to himself, "I believe I must go out into the world again at the very first chance." And so he went and found his way once more to the water, where he could swim and dive, but all the other animals still turned away from him, he was so big and ugly.

40. A long time passed and the leaves on the trees turned from green to red and gold and brown. Then they fell off and the wind caught them and whirled them about. The air grew cold and snow flakes and hail came. The ravens sat on the bank and cried, "Croak, croak." It was late in the autumn and it made one shiver to look at the world. The poor

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duckling grew more lonesome and sad and began to be cold at night.

41. One evening, just at sunset, he saw some strange and beautiful birds come out of the bushes. They had long, graceful necks and soft, white, shining feathers. As they flew over him he whirled in the water, raised his neck high in the air and uttered a strange cry, one that he had never made before. He tried to follow the beautiful birds, but could not, and when they were out of sight he grew more sad and lonely and spent long hours wishing he might be as lovely as they were.

42. Then winter came in earnest and the air grew colder and colder. The leaves were all gone from the trees and the boughs were covered with snow. The water was freezing around the edges of the pool. Every night the poor fellow had to beat the water with his wings and swim around all the time to keep the water from freezing. One night it was colder than usual, and the ice grew so hard that he was unable to break it. At last, worn out, he lay still and helpless, frozen in the ice.

43. Very early in the morning a poor man came by and saw the poor bird, caught in the wintry trap. He broke the ice with his wooden shoe, picked up the ugly duckling

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and carried him home to his wife and children.

44. The warm room soon brought the duckling back to life, and the children wanted to play with him. But he had never seen children before and was so badly frightened that he started up in terror. He flew into the milk pan and splashed the milk all over the room. The woman clapped her hands and started after him, which frightened him more and more. He fell into the meal tub and then flew out again. How funny he looked, his feathers all covered with flour and water !

45. The woman screamed louder than ever, chased him about the room and struck at him with the tongs. The children screamed and laughed till they cried and raced after him with their mother. But they had forgotten to close the door. The duckling saw the opening and was able to fly out and hide himself in some bushes.

46. But I must not make you sad trying to tell you all the poor duckling suffered that cold, hard winter. He lived through it some way, and when spring came he found himself lying one evening among the rushes in a marsh. The sun was warm and bright, the birds sang around him and he felt almost happy. Be-

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sides, he found out that his wings were strong and as he flapped them against his sides he rose high into the air. Never before had he been able to go so far.

47. After he had been flying for some time he looked down and saw a great garden through which flowed a beautiful stream. Trees bent over it and the grass grew down to its very edge. How fresh and delightful it all seemed ! Here he thought he would stop. Just as he lit in a beautiful pool of water, he saw three splendid swans come sailing along. They rustled their feathers and curved their delicate necks, and then the duckling knew they were the birds that he had seen and loved once before.

48. It all made him feel strangely unhappy, "But I shall fly over to them," he said, "They will kill me because I am so ugly. That is just as well. It is better to be killed by swans than to be bitten by ducks, beaten by hens, scolded by cats and pushed about by the girl who feeds the chickens. Then it is better to be killed now in this beautiful place than to starve again in the cold winter."

49. He did not spend much time thinking this way, but swam quickly along near to the beautiful swans. Wonderful ! They all rushed

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over to meet him. "Only kill me," said the poor duckling, "and be quick about it."

50. He hung his head and cast his eyes toward the water, waiting for death. But what strange thing did he see in the clear water? It was surely his own picture; but, wonder of wonders, he was no longer an ugly duckling. He was himself a beautiful white swan.

51. You see it is not so bad to be born in a duck's nest in a farmyard if one can be hatched from a swan's egg. He knew now that it was better for him to have suffered all the sorrow and trouble, for now he could enjoy his new happiness so much the better. And it was real happiness to have the big swans swimming around him and stroking his neck with their beaks.

52. Very soon some children came into the garden and threw food into the water. "See, see," said the youngest, "there is a new swan." "Yes, a new one has come," they all cried, and clapping their hands, they ran to tell their father and mother. Back they all came in a great hurry, their hands full of corn and bread and cakes. All these fine things they threw into the water, and the whole family shouted together, "The new swan

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is so young and so pretty; he is the most beautiful one of all." The old swans seemed to agree to this, for they bowed their heads to their new companion.

53. This made him feel very much ashamed, and he hid his head under his wing. While he was ugly he had been despised, and now they told him he was the most beautiful of all the birds. Even the alder trees and the plants that grew along the bank of the stream bowed and dipped their leaves into the water. The sun even shone clearer and brighter than ever before.

54. It made the new swan, ugly duckling no longer, so happy it seemed as though his heart would burst. But he was not at all proud. He had suffered too much for that. He shook his white feathers, curved his slender neck gracefully and cried out, "I never dreamed that I could be so happy."

Outline

I. THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION. This is a story which country children will more quickly appreciate, but which perhaps has its strongest message for the children who live in cities. It is full of beautiful scenery and alive with the spirit

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of nature, while the animals that find their way into the story have for us the interest of human beings. It is a simple little story and it is not probable that there will be many words or phrases which you will need to study. Yet a little thought will show some things which appeal to us more strongly than they will to children. As instances, consider the following :

Children are not apt to appreciate the very human touch in the last sentence of paragraph 8, "They are the very image of their father."

In paragraph 9 there is a very natural conclusion made by the wise old duck who had sat upon turkey's eggs. We always interpret new things by our experience with other things.

In paragraph 13 is another human touch. When the duckling swims nicely, the mother changes her mind quickly ; he is her child, *he does not seem so very ugly*.

Again, in paragraph 16, the duck mother makes a very wise observation: "See, children, that is the way of the world." If we stop to quarrel about things, some one else usually gets the benefit.

You will hardly be able to explain to children all that is carried in the remark that the wild ducks make to the duckling in paragraph 24. There are numerous other expressions full of meaning to age and experience which may mean nothing to children. You must not destroy the interest

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of your class by attempting to explain too much ; but the adult, even, may read this story of the ugly duckling and find plenty of interesting material for thought. The first sentence in paragraph 51 contains a statement on which many grown people might bring out long philosophical discussions on the comparative influence of heredity and environment: "You see it is not so bad to be born in a duck's nest in a farmyard if one can be hatched from a swan's egg."

2. THE PERSONS. a. There are a great many characters in this story, and not a few of considerable importance. However, the ugly duckling himself monopolizes our attention almost from the start ; it is his story that interests us. Moreover, our interest in the human beings in this story is entirely secondary to our interest in the animals. When a human being appears, it is merely for the purpose of throwing light on the character of the animals or to assist in developing the plot for the animals. Therefore, it is the animals, especially the birds, that claim our attention. We should study the birds, then, in the same way that we would study human beings. We will not take the space at this time to say much of the ugly duckling, but after classifying the characters, will offer some suggestions for the study of them, putting the suggestions in the form of questions, to show what may be done to assist children in their work. We might classify the characters as follows :

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Birds :

Of Considerable Importance :

The mother duck	The wild ducks
The ducklings	The wild geese
The friendly old duck	Chicken Shortlegs
The ugly duckling	Strange, beautiful
The Spanish duck	birds
	Splendid swans

Of Little Importance :

Ducks	Turkey-cock
Hens	Barnyard fowls

Other Animals :

Of Considerable Importance :

Little Son

Of Less Importance :

A cat
The hunter's dog

Human Beings :

All of Minor Importance :

The girl who kicked the ugly duckling
The hunters
The old woman
The poor man
The poor man's wife
The poor man's children
Some children and their parents

b. The Mother Duck. What was the mother duck doing when we first saw her? Was she tired



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of her work? Was she discontented? Was she perfectly willing to sit where she was until her ducklings were hatched? Did she show love for her children? Why did she sit on the nest waiting for the big egg? Did the old duck in any respect treat her young ones in the same way that your mother has treated you? Did the old duck love the ugly duckling? Do you suppose she was sorry when the duckling ran away?

Always ask the pupils to point out to you specifically the words in the story which give the foundation for their answers. Let them give the number of the paragraph or read the very words.

c. The Hunter's Dog. What did the hunter's dog do when he saw the ugly duckling? Why did he run away without harming the duckling? Why do you suppose Hans Christian Andersen put the hunter's dog into the story?

d. Some Strange Birds (par. 41). What were the *strange and beautiful birds*? Why did the ugly duckling whirl in the water? What was the strange cry that he uttered? Why was he more sad and lonely after the beautiful birds had gone than he was before?

It is not probable that the children will understand that these were swans, and that at sight of them the swan nature in the ugly duckling was stirred, or that this strange cry he uttered was the swan note made by him for the first time. Instinct led him to follow, and it was the swan

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spirit stirring in him that made him wish *he might be as lovely as they were*.

e. Ask questions about the other animals and birds that are noted as important, trying always at this point to get from your pupils clear ideas of what the animals looked like and what their function is in the story. This work throws side lights on the plot, which you will study more definitely later on, and it also paves the way for the character study which is coming. As a matter of fact, you have doubtless discovered long since, if you have been using these outlines in class, that you can not, when you are at work, always preserve the distinctions in subject-matter which are so easily kept in an outline. In spite of yourself you will find that the plot works itself into your study of the personal appearance and function of the persons and that the character of the individual is better understood after the plot and the scenes have been well elaborated.

f. If your pupils live in the city and have not seen the birds and other animals mentioned here, you will need pictures and specimens to give a vivid interest to your story. Many times the ideas of country life and country beings which children carry away from city schools are pathetically erroneous. In the country you will not have to say much about the appearance of these animal characters ; you can devote yourself more fully to the study of the human side of their natures. In

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the city the birds themselves, as birds, require much more of your attention. If your city is a large one and the parks are accessible, do not hesitate to take the children with you or to send them where they can see the ducks and the swans living in the ponds or lakes.

3. THE PLOT. a. By questioning, collect the bare incidents of the story; strip them of all verbiage and set them down, one after another, so they can be seen in tabular form by the children. The children can then easily decide upon the relative importance of these incidents. The incidents in this story are so numerous that it will require no little thought for the pupils to pick out those which are essential to the plot or main idea, which is that a bird born a swan will be a swan, in spite of his surroundings and notwithstanding his experiences.

b. The Incidents. (1) The ugly duckling is hatched (par. 11).

(2) He swims like a duck (par. 12).

(3) With his mother he visits the farmyard (par. 16 and 17).

(4) He is laughed at by the fowls (par. 17).

(5) He is bitten by a duck (par. 17).

(6) The turkey-cock flies at him (par. 20).

(7) The girl who came to feed the poultry kicks him (par. 21).

(8) He runs away (par. 22).

(9) He meets the wild ducks (par. 23).

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(10) The saucy wild geese coax him away (par. 25).

(11) The big dog refuses to hurt him (par. 27).

(12) He reaches the cottage (par. 29).

(13) He meets the old woman, Little Son and Chicken Shortlegs (par. 31).

(14) He is discontented again (par. 36).

(15) He flies away (par. 39).

(16) He suffers from the cold (par. 40).

(17) He sees the strange birds (par. 41).

(18) He freezes in the ice (par. 42).

(19) The poor man rescues him (par. 43).

(20) He escapes from the poor man's home (par. 44).

(21) He lives through the winter *some way* (par. 46).

(22) In the spring he flies far (par. 47).

(23) He sees the splendid swans (par. 47).

(24) He is willing they should kill him (par. 48).

(25) He sees his image (par. 50).

(26) He learns that he is a swan (par. 50).

(27) He receives his reward (par. 52-54).

4. CHARACTER AND DEVELOPMENT. a. Although our interest centers in the story of the ugly duckling, his character is not so striking in many respects as that of some of the animals of minor importance. He is a swan from the beginning, near enough like the ducks so that they do not consider him absolutely a stranger, yet never

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at home with them. In the eyes of the ducks he is *big and ugly and awkward* (par. 17), but he is good and swims finely, even better than the other ducklings (par. 18). We see from time to time that he was :

Very sensitive (par. 22).

Timid (par. 22 and elsewhere).

Polite and respectful (par. 23).

Grateful (par. 24).

Often sad (par. 39 and elsewhere).

Resigned (par. 49).

Joyful (par. 50).

It is evident that his unhappiness did not come from anything that was mean or unkind in his own disposition, but was a result of his sufferings. On the whole, the character of the ugly duckling is a lovable one.

b. There are a number of the minor characters that will repay some thought. We shall use one for an illustration and you can select others and bring out their prominent traits in the same manner. We shall choose the hen, Chicken Short-legs. Develop her character by such questions as the following :

Why did the old woman love her hen as though she were her own child (par. 31)? What did the hen do when she saw the ugly duckling (par. 32)? What does a hen express by clucking? How did the hen feel concerning the house (par. 33)? What did she mean by saying *we and the world*?

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Why should she think that she and the cat were the better half of the world? What did the duckling try to tell the cat and the hen? Why would the hen not listen to him? Why did the hen think the duckling had no right to talk (par. 34)? [Because the duckling could not lay eggs.] What did the duckling tell the hen in paragraph 36? Was the duckling really lazy? Did the duckling think nonsense? Does the hen really mean that it would be fine to dive to the bottom and feel the water close over her head (par. 37)? What does the hen mean when she says, "I will not tell you what I think"? [She means to make a show of being modest, but in reality she feels great contempt for the duckling.] How does the hen feel when she says, "So we do not understand you?" (par. 38)? How would you read this sentence to show what the hen meant? What are the things the hen thinks ought to make the duckling contented? Are the things the hen is saying to the duckling pleasant things? Why does she say them? Did you ever hear a person say to another, "What I am telling you is not pleasant, but that is a proof of my friendship"? Do you suppose people ever say things just to be disagreeable and then claim that they do it because of friendship? Do you think the hen meant to be disagreeable, or was she really a good friend to the duckling? Did she really give him good advice? Would it not have been very absurd for

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the duckling to try to lay eggs or to learn to purr? Do you suppose some of the advice given to one person by another is just as foolish as this advice by the hen?

Now sum up in a few words the character of the hen: An ignorant, conceited person, who thinks she knows a great deal and is fond of giving advice, even though it is the most ridiculous kind of advice.

5. EMOTIONS AND FEELINGS. You will find opportunities for interesting questions on the emotions and feelings of most of the characters that are of first importance, but our outline is growing so long that we can not give much space to this subject. Be sure to trace the ugly duckling to the end of the story and bring out his feelings at each incident. Try to get your pupils to see how the other animals concerned in the various incidents of the story contribute to arousing the feelings or emotions that the children think the ugly duckling has.

6. SCENES. a. This story is unusually rich and varied in its scenes, and it is worth while to picture each one of them vividly. When you have by questions located the several places where the incidents occur, encourage the children to describe these places more definitely from what they have seen themselves. If you are teaching in the country, the children will be able to fill in most of the scenes from their own experience. If you are

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teaching in the city you will probably find some in your class who will recognize the park and the tame swans which make the final scene.

b. The following are the principal scenes :

(1) A country place in summer time, with a duck's nest near the bank of the river.

(2) A farmyard.

(3) A great marsh (par. 22).

(4) A cottage at the edge of the woods.

(5) A pool in the winter time.

(6) The interior of a farmhouse.

(7) A beautiful garden.

c. There are splendid opportunities for drawing vivid contrasts here: The summer landscape and the winter landscape should be set one against the other. Ask what differences there are besides those that the author mentions. Try to make each scene definite and particular; not merely *a* country place in summer, or *a* pool in winter. For instance, give the pool definite shape; show what trees were around it; what grasses grew near it; whether it was deep or shallow, or deep in some places and shallow in others; whether the banks were steep or sloping; whether there were bushes near the pool or not. You know that a poor man came that way and found the ugly duckling. What inferences can you draw concerning the surroundings and location of the pool from that fact?

Another fine contrast can be made between the

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children whom the duckling met in the poor man's house and the rich children that came to feed the swans in the great garden. Clothe the children and make them live.

7. PURPOSE AND LESSON. It was the purpose of the author, doubtless, to write an entertaining story for children, but he intended, also, to arouse their sympathies for the ugly duckling by telling the story of his sufferings and misfortunes, and so to create, incidentally, a consideration and affection for the lower animals. While it is possible that we may carry too far this matter of ascribing human feelings and emotions to animals, yet the more clearly we can show children that animals suffer as we do and are happy, in a measure, as we are, the more considerate they will be of dependent creatures. Moreover, every time a child indulges in cruelty and imposition he hardens his own nature and renders it less susceptible to the good and the beautiful. In other words, he restricts his own possibilities for real enjoyment. Accordingly, there is no reason why the teacher should not make much of the human traits in animals. Upon children young enough to enjoy this story, you may easily make a very vivid impression.

EXERCISE III

METHOD FOR A NARRATIVE POEM

Introduction

The study of the narrative poem should be conducted first upon the same general plan as that pursued with any other story. However, you should not feel bound by a method or an outline. Be original in your work and consider always the class you have. The age, sex, the home surroundings of your pupils—all must be taken into consideration in every recitation. The writer in preparing these outlines has in mind a teacher, a class and a place; but the teacher may not be yourself, the class may not be your class and the place may not be the one in which you are teaching. He trusts you to change the form of the outline of study to suit your own needs, hoping always that you will find help in the work that he has done.

Incident of the French Camp

ROBERT BROWNING¹

1. You will find the text of this fine poem on page 227 of Volume V. It is printed also in *Book Five* of the *Cyr Readers by Grades*, published by Ginn & Co. See the Index in Volume X of this course of study for a biographical sketch of Browning and for other poems written by him.

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Outline

I. THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION. A person familiar with the writings of Browning should recognize the authorship of this poem. It illustrates very vividly some of the writer's peculiarities. Your attention is called to a few of them in the notes under this heading. How many of these peculiarities it will be wise to present to your class, you will judge. In any case, you must give explanation enough to make the meaning of the poem very clear.

Ratisbon. The city of Regensburg, or Ratisbon, is in Bavaria, on the Danube, opposite the mouth of the Regen.

Napoleon. If your pupils know nothing about Napoleon, tell them briefly the story of his marvelous career. Interest them in his exploits and character. You will be able to obtain sufficient facts from any encyclopedia.

"Prone." Here the word means *inclined*, not *lying flat*.

Lannes. This famous French marshal distinguished himself by his bravery and his remarkable leadership in many battles. While he was fighting in the battle of Aspern against the Austrians both his legs were shot away, and he died a few days afterward at Vienna.

"Out-thrust," "full-galloping," flag-bird." These are examples of the manner in which

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Browning often makes compound words for his own use.

“ *Fancy.*” Here the word means *can imagine*.

“ ‘ *Twixt.* ’ ” This is an abbreviation for the word *betwixt*, used in poetry and rarely elsewhere.

“ *Vans.* ” This word has long passed out of use. It means *wings*.

“ *As sheathes a film the mother eagle’s eye.* ” The eagle has what is really a third eyelid, a thin, translucent membrane. It is called the nictitating (*winking*) membrane, and the eagle can draw it over its eye at will. The pupils may have noticed the membrane in ducks, chickens and other birds. In man and many other animals there is no such membrane.

There are in the poem many examples of inversion of words from the natural order, and other peculiarities of structure that you will notice ; for instance : *Nor bridle drew ; off there flung ; to heart’s desire* [Whose heart ?] ; *his chief beside*.

2. THE PERSONS. Allusion is made to Marshal Lannes, but Napoleon and the unnamed boy are the only other characters mentioned.

a. In spite of Napoleon’s historic importance, our interest lies chiefly with the boy, of whose personal appearance we have no description. We may infer that he was not a young boy, perhaps was eighteen or twenty years of age, tall, well-formed and manly in appearance. Because of his nationality we are led to expect dark hair and dark

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eyes. He doubtless had a strong, pleasing countenance and a firm mouth. He was clothed in the uniform of a French orderly and rode a fine horse.

b. The best way to give an idea of Napoleon's appearance is to provide yourself with a picture of him. These are very common, and usually represent him in the characteristic attitude which Browning here describes. He was short (they called him Little Corporal), thick-set, and habitually he stood with feet wide apart, his head thrust forward and his arms clasped behind him (stanza 1).

3. THE PLOT. a. Incidents.

(1) Napoleon watches the storming of Ratisbon.

(2) He thinks of the possibility of failure.

(3) He sees a rider galloping toward him from out the smoke of battle.

(4) The rider leaps from his horse in front of Napoleon and clings to the mane of the horse.

(5) He announces the fall of Ratisbon.

(6) Napoleon rejoices in the success.

(7) He speaks to the soldier of his wound.

(8) The boy answers and falls dead.

b. Summary. A wounded youth brings to Napoleon news of the fall of Ratisbon and expires at the emperor's feet.

4. CHARACTER AND DEVELOPMENT. a. The Boy.

(1) Active and manly (stanza 2).

(2) Joyful: *in smiling joy* (stanza 3, line 1); *smiling, the boy fell dead* (stanza 5, line 8).

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- (3) Strong willed (stanza 3, lines 4, 5, 6).
- (4) Courageous (stanza 4, lines 6 and 7).
- (5) Ambitious: *to heart's desire, perched him* (stanza 4, lines 6 and 7).
- (6) Proud (stanza 5, lines 5, 6 and 7).

b. Napoleon.

(1) Ambitious (stanza 2, lines 1-4 ; stanza 4, lines 7 and 8 ; stanza 5, line 1).

(2) Thoughtful (stanza 1, line 8).

(3) Sympathetic (stanza 5, lines 2, 3 and 4).

These are the prominent traits apparent in Napoleon from this poem. Of course you can enlarge upon these with profit, and show that as Napoleon was a real person, we know much more of his character than this incident shows us. In the study of the boy, on the other hand, we must confine ourselves entirely to the poem.

5. EMOTIONS OR FEELINGS.

a. Napoleon shows :

Anxiety (stanzas 1 and 2).

Joy (stanzas 4 and 5).

Sympathy (stanza 5).

b. The boy shows :

Joy and happiness (stanzas 3 and 4).

Pain: *so tight he kept his lips compressed* (stanza 3).

Sensitiveness (stanza 5, line 6).

c. The reader may feel :

Admiration for the boy's courage.

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Sorrow at his death.

Pride that human nature is capable of such stern self-control.

A kindly feeling toward Napoleon for his sympathy.

6. SCENES. To view the scene of the incident, we must stand with Napoleon on the *little mound*, looking toward the battlefield *a mile or so away*. We cannot see what is happening back of the smoke from the batteries. Between us and the battlefield lies a level, open tract, we know, because we can see the boy galloping the whole distance. Our interest, however, here does not lie in the scenery ; it is concentrated wholly upon the persons. Yet the incident means more to us if we imagine it taking place within hearing of the roar of the battle.

7. THE FINAL READING. This is an excellent selection for practice in expression. It is difficult because of the involved structure of some of the sentences and the poetic meter, yet when once those are mastered it is a very effective selection. If you can interest your class, you will do well to spend some time in having different members read the poem. Let each pupil read the entire selection without any interruption. When he has finished, you and the class may both offer suggestions which will aid the next reader.

EXERCISE IV
METHOD FOR A NARRATIVE POEM

The Miller of the Dee¹

CHARLES MACKAY²

1. There dwelt a miller hale and bold
Beside the river Dee ;
He worked and sang from morn to night,
No lark more blithe than he ;
And this the burden of his song
Forever used to be :
“ I envy nobody ; no, not I,
And nobody envies me ! ”
2. “ Thou’rt wrong, my friend, ” said old King
Hal,
“ As wrong as wrong can be ;
For could my heart be light as thine,
I’d gladly change with thee.
And tell me now, what makes thee sing,

1. This poem is printed in *Stepping Stones to Literature, A Third Reader*, published by Silver, Burdette & Co.

2. Charles Mackay was an English poet who died in 1889, at the age of seventy-five. He was at different times the editor of several important London newspapers and wrote many volumes of verse.

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With voice so loud and free,
While I am sad, though I'm the king,
Beside the river Dee."

3. The miller smiled, and doffed his cap.
 "I can earn my bread," quoth he ;
 "I love my wife, I love my friend,
 I love my children three;
I owe no penny I cannot pay,
 I thank the river Dee
 That turns the mill that grinds the corn,
 To feed my babes and me."
4. "Good friend," said Hal, and sighed the
 while,
 "Farewell ! and happy be ;
But say no more, if thou'dst be true,
 That no one envies thee.
Thy mealy cap is worth my crown,
 Thy mill my kingdom's fee ;
Such men as thou are England's boast,
 O miller of the Dee !"

Outline

I. THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION. *Dee*. This is a river in England and Wales. It flows by the city of Chester, and is an important stream.

"*Hale*." Robust or healthy.

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“*Lark.*” Remember this is an English story, and the bird alluded to here is the skylark which, early in the morning, may be seen rising from the English meadows in a wide, spiral flight, singing one of the most melodious of bird songs. It goes in this manner to a great height, so as to be almost beyond vision, all the time singing joyously. You may interest your pupils by reading parts of Shelley’s *Ode to a Skylark*, Volume IV, page 94, of this course.

“*Blithe.*” Cheerful.

“*Burden.*” That part of a song which is repeated at the end of each stanza ; the refrain or chorus.

“*Old King Hal.*” This does not mean that the king was old, but rather that he lived a long time ago.

“*King Hal.*” This was King Henry of England, probably Henry VIII, who was known as “Bluff King Hal.”

“*Doffed.*” Took off. The word *doff* is a contraction of *do off*.

“*Quoth.*” Said. This word is never used except in the first and third persons and in past tenses. The subject always follows the word.

“*Fee.*” Ownership or title. The line means : Your mill is worth more to you than my kingdom is to me.

2. THE PERSONS. a. King Hal. Not a word is said about the king’s appearance or his dress.

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Assuming that Henry VIII is meant, we must consider him rather young, fine looking, strong and well-built. There is a delicacy and refinement about him that is the result of his bringing up, and his hands are the soft, slender hands of a gentleman. He is dressed in a rich costume of the sixteenth century, for he reigned between 1509 and 1547. The rich coat, the doublet, hose, plumed hat, you can describe or show from pictures.

b. The Miller. Not a word is said about the miller's appearance or dress, except that his cap is mentioned twice, but we may clothe him in breeches and blouse of coarse homespun, whose color is hardly distinguishable, for he is covered from head to foot with the dust of the mill. He is stout, ruddy faced, with strong features bearing a good-natured expression that is helped by his bright, twinkling eyes. His hands are big, rough and coarse from hard work.

3. THE PLOT. There is little or no plot to the story. Two men from very different stations in life meet and contrast their conditions.

4. CHARACTER AND DEVELOPMENT. a. The King. (1) We know from history that Henry VIII was in his youth generous, brilliant and popular, but he was impatient of control and was swayed by violent passions, which made him in manhood selfish, cruel and very wicked.

(2) From the story we find that the king was genial, independent of court rules and considerate

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of his subjects. He was thoughtful, sad, and burdened by the cares of his kingdom. But in spite of this, he was gracious in his manner, for in the last line he compliments the miller highly.

b. The Miller. We know nothing of the miller except what the story tells us, but we feel sure that he was :

Independent (stanza 1, line 1).

Happy (stanza 1, lines 3 and 4).

Respectful (stanza 3, line 1).

An affectionate husband (stanza 3, line 3).

A loving father (stanza 3, line 4).

A faithful friend (stanza 3, line 3).

Provident (stanza 3, line 6).

Grateful (stanza 3, lines 6-8).

5. EMOTIONS AND FEELINGS. Emotionally there is little display in this poem, except for the strong contrast between the discontent and unhappiness of the king and the absolute contentment and happiness of the poor subject. We can not help feeling a tender admiration for the sturdy old miller and some pity for the unfortunate king, who, perhaps, felt in himself those very traits that were to develop in him a wretched manhood.

6. SCENES. This poem offers an opportunity for you to create from your imagination a very attractive stage-setting, or scene, for the meeting. Imagine yourself standing opposite the river Dee, somewhere near its source, where it still flows through the beautiful English countryside and has



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not yet been changed by the demands of trade and commerce. The mill, which faces you, is a low building of stone that, on the side next the river, is covered deep with moss. The roof is a thatched one, but is well kept, for you could not imagine this miller sheltered by a leaky roof. The meal and dust from the mill have come out from the door, which faces you, and have whitened the walls and the rude platform to which the farmers bring their grain. Across the low, arched bridge, below the mill, rides the king, a youthful figure, brightly dressed, but with downcast eyes and drooping head, for he is thinking of the burdens that his position throws upon him. For some purpose the dusty miller comes to the door, singing his blithe song, and the king draws up his horse beside the road to begin the conversation.

This is a brief outline only of what you will wish to do with your class. Do not describe the scene as has been done here, but ask questions which will bring out from your pupils some elements in the picture. They will make mistakes, because they will not understand what an English landscape is like, or what the mill was or how the miller was dressed, but little by little they will awaken to the situation and help you with many vivid little touches of description. Above, we said nothing about the big wheel which is built up at the end of the mill and over which the water falls with a soothing murmur of contentment. Nor

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did we say anything about the machinery that we could dimly see through the doorway—not machinery such as we have to-day, but the rude stones on which the meal was ground. Try to make each pupil see as distinctly as though they were painted before him on a canvas, the two figures in their charming surroundings.

7. PURPOSE AND LESSON. It is very evident that the poet had a distinct purpose in mind here. He intended to teach us a lesson in contentment, and to do it by making as strong as possible the contrast between the characters. He has taken two wide extremes in English life and showed very vividly that contentment is not dependent on wealth and position. Your best opportunities in reading this poem lie in the possibilities of drawing the picture and teaching the lesson of contentment that comes from honest toil and loving home companionship.

EXERCISE V

METHOD FOR A LONGER STORY

*Wee Willie Winkie*¹

1. PERSONS AND PLOT. a. The Teacher's Preparation. Read paragraph 1, on page 13, and paragraph 4, on page 15, Volume I. Then read *Wee Willie Winkie*, applying to the story the methods suggested in the two paragraphs just mentioned. This story has been selected because of the great charm it has for children.

b. Assignment to the Pupil. Read *Wee Willie Winkie* and write the name of the chief character and the names of three other characters, in the order of their importance.

In assigning this lesson it may be necessary for you to point out standards of comparison that are to be used in determining the chief character, but often it will be better to permit the selection to be made without any advice. In this way one gets a much more accurate idea of the pupil's mental attitude.

c. Recitation. (1) Principal and Secondary Characters. In which person were you the most interested? What first interested you in him? Did you keep your interest in him to the end?

1. This story is printed entire, beginning on page 175 of this volume.

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Was he always the one who interested you most? Were there times when some other person seemed of more importance? Who was next in importance? Did this character help to increase your interest in the chief character? What particular incident made you most interested in the second character? By what particular incident did the second character increase your interest in the chief one?

(2) Developing the Plot. By questioning, try to find out from the pupil the incidents which, taken together, form the thread of the plot. In this case they are chiefly the things which Wee Willie does. It is often a good plan to begin upon the black-board an outline of these incidents, allowing it to grow as the conversation with the pupils continues. When finished it might appear something like this :

WHAT WEE WILLIE DOES

Wee Willie :

Discovers Coppy's love for Miss Allardyce.

Promises secrecy.

Falls into disgrace.

Sees Miss Allardyce ride out of the cantonment.

Breaks arrest and follows on his pony.

Overtakes Miss Allardyce.

Meets natives bravely.

Sends pony back.

Breaks down when rescued.

Demands his manhood.

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Having brought out the incidents of the plot in this way, assign for another lesson the writing of this plot in the simplest, clearest, most direct way possible, omitting every unnecessary incident but retaining enough to show the framework of the story.

d. Additional Work. In *English and American Literature* there are a number of other stories in both prose and poetry which can be used in this same way. Narrative poetry is the simplest poetry to read, and the pupil's first serious introduction to metrical composition should be by way of simple rhymed stories. Before the study of characters and plot is closed, the pupils should have read a very considerable number of both prose and poetical selections. After a time it will be found that the children can read very rapidly and will naturally omit the unimportant items and will concentrate their attention wholly upon the rank of the characters and upon the plot, a very desirable habit at this stage of instruction.

In the following list, the selections are arranged approximately in order of difficulty :

Prose :

The Great Stone Face—I, 23.

The Cricket on the Hearth—VII, 21.

A Dissertation upon Roast Pig—II, 67.

The Ambitious Guest—I, 155.

Dream Children—II, 53.

Sir Roger de Coverley Papers—II, 125.

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Poetry :

Robin Hood and the Widow's Sons—V, 214.

The Luck of Edenhall—V, 223.

Jock o' Hazelgreen—V, 206.

The Wreck of the Hesperus—V, 229.

The Wind and Stream—IV, 154.

The Revenge—V, 233.

Enoch Arden—I, 109.

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner—I, 73.

Macbeth—VI, 13.

2. CHARACTER AND EMOTIONS. a. The Teacher's Preparation. Read paragraph 2, page 13, and paragraph 3, page 14, Volume I. Then read *Wee Willie Winkie* again and apply both paragraphs to it.

(1) Character. A study of the story shows that Wee Willie is difficult to control, quickly repentant, active, faithful to his friends, ambitious, proud, reliable, trustworthy, manly, heroic, lovable and loving. Find the incidents which make each of these traits clear, and have them all well in mind before facing the class. Determine, too, whether the faults in Wee Willie's character are really bad ones or whether they grow out of his good traits. Why did he say, "I'm Percival Will'am Will'ams"?

(2) Emotions. In *Wee Willie Winkie* are shown gaiety, sorrow, happiness, fear, love, repentance and other emotions. What are those of the father? What are shown by Coppy and

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what by Miss Allardyce at different stages in the story? These emotions should be grouped, and it should be determined whether they are shown by the action of the person or are attributed to the character by the author.

In the reader a different set of emotions is aroused—interest, admiration, pleasure, affection. It is not to be supposed that exactly the same emotions will be aroused in any two people, or that the emotions which the children feel will be like those of the teacher. In fact, it will often appear that contrary emotions are aroused by the same incident. It can easily be imagined that there are boys at certain ages who will feel no emotion but that of contempt while they are reading the first part of the story, and they may be amused by some things that to the girls will appear pathetic. This difference does not signify that the story is failing to produce the right effect. Emotion belongs to the individual, not to the teacher, and if the pupil is sincere in expressing it, the teacher should be satisfied.

b. Assignment to the Pupil. If the pupils are young, it will be enough in a single lesson to make them understand one or two traits of character and how these are shown by the people who possess them. Ask the pupil to commit his opinions to writing, to some extent at least, before he comes to the recitation. Do not ask too much at any one time.

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c. Recitation. Use the method of questioning as far as possible. There is little or no use in telling the children what traits of character are shown, and certainly none in telling them what emotions are stirred in themselves; that is so purely a personal matter that all that the teacher can do is to help the pupil to look into his own mind. Do not try to do too much in one day, but pursue the questioning as long as the subject proves interesting.

When the children see what is meant by character, question them as to the method used by the author in developing the character. Does he tell at once what Wee Willie Winkie's character is and what it is to be, or does he depend upon us to learn it from the acts of the child? Do we get intimations from the conversation of the child as well as from his acts? What are the ways in which an author develops character?

How does he work upon our emotions? Is it by telling us that we ought to be amused or to be sad, or does he leave the persons and incidents themselves to affect us?

d. Additional Work. Treat other characters in other stories read. Note wherein they resemble and where they differ from Wee Willie or the other persons in his story. For this purpose, Ernest, in *The Great Stone Face* (I, 23); Enoch, Philip and Annie, in *Enoch Arden* (I, 109); John Peerybingle and others, in *The Cricket on the*

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Hearth (VII, 21); Robin Hood, in *Robin Hood and the Widow's Sons* (V, 214), and the boy, in the *Incident of the French Camp* (V, 227), are excellent. The character studies in *Macbeth* (VI, 13) and the section on *Power of Drawing Character* (VIII, 83) will be helpful, especially to the teacher. It may not be possible to use all or any of these particular characters in class, but if not, other characters which will answer the purpose can be found in the school readers.

3. SCENE, LOCAL COLORING, PURPOSE AND LESSON. a. The Teacher's Preparation. Read and apply to this story paragraphs 5, 6, 7 and 8, on pages 16, 17 and 18 in this volume.

(1) Scenes. Try to see vividly the places in which the various incidents take place. Treat the story like a play ; imagine it in different acts ; give to each act its proper scenery. Put each incident in its own proper surroundings. Try to get a picture of the cantonment, of the house in which Wee Willie lived and the roof where he took refuge, of the flower beds and the garden in which he built his camp fire, and of the stables. What was the scene of his famous interview with Coppy, when he promised to keep his friend's secret? What was the scene in which he *broke his arrest*? See as clearly as possible the plain, the rocks, the hills and the wild natives that made the background for the accident.

(2) Local Coloring. A writer's skill is often

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best shown in the vividness of his local coloring, in the atmosphere of reality which he gives to the incidents he describes. It is easy enough for him to tell us that things are thus and so and happen in such and such a place, but to make us feel from the beginning to the end of the story that we are actually in the places he describes and associating with the people, is a much more difficult matter. The local coloring in this story is most vivid. Find out the different ways in which that color is given. It is not always an easy matter to determine, but in this case it can be seen, for instance, that all the methods of punishment that Wee Willie suffers are suggestive of military life: he receives *good-conduct pay*; he is deprived of his *good-conduct stripe* or badge; he is confined to *barracks* instead of to his room; and when he is naughty, he suffers *arrest*. Wee Willie's pleasures suggest camp life: he loves to wear Coppy's big sword, to play with his medals. The great misconduct for which he suffers is the making of a *camp fire*. In indirect ways, too, Kipling suggests military life and in the most natural way and without any apparent attempt. Wee Willie is *guilty of mutiny* and his nursery is called his *quarters*. In describing an act, he speaks of *trumping the ace*, a phrase from a card game not unusual in soldiers' barracks. So far, the local coloring has been that of the camp and of military life in general, and might have fitted almost any-

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where in English-speaking countries, but Kipling goes further and makes us see in many ways that the country is India and not Great Britain or the United States. Perhaps the most noticeable method of doing this is in the profuse use of technical words. *Ayah, Baba, hut jao, Pushtu, Sahib, Bahadur, pukka* and *nullahs* are Indian words, while *bungalow, cantonment* and *waler* are words not generally used outside India.

(3) Purpose and Lesson. The author's purpose in writing this story is not altogether clear, and the teacher will often find that there are stories in which it is not worth while to push the question of purpose very far. Perhaps in this case Kipling wrote for his own amusement and profit, with the hope that people would be entertained by what he had written and that their appreciation for childish character would be increased. A lesson there is in the story, certainly, but the wise teacher is always guarded in his efforts to inculcate a lesson by pointing out the estimable traits of character shown. The lesson is taught by the story itself, and much of the good influence of it may be lost if it is analyzed too closely. Yet Wee Willie's respect for his pledged word, his protecting care for women, and his bravery are worth more than passing notice.

b. Assignment to the Pupil. Bring to the class lists of the Indian words, of the words and phrases which show that the story is about

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military life, and of the peculiar pleasures, rewards and punishments of Wee Willie. In order to make these lists, the pupil will be obliged to read the story again in a particularly intelligent manner—a most excellent drill.

c. Recitation. By questioning, again, bring out the various bits of local color and try to create in the pupils the feeling of reality and of naturalness in the whole story. Show the harmony of its different parts and the harmony in the acts of Wee Willie and his surroundings, in his speech and his acts.

d. Additional Work. By taking the stories which have been referred to under the title *Additional Work*, in sections 1 and 2 of this lesson, a great variety in local coloring may be brought out, and it will be seen how different authors are in their ability or wish to give vivid atmosphere to their composition.

Are there stories in which the events might have happened anywhere, in any season of the year and among almost any class of people? Are there others which could have happened in but one place and under one set of conditions? An appreciation of the atmosphere of a story can come only by rather wide reading. The teacher should not expect to get very definite results from his class in the first few efforts. Do not be afraid to use the same stories over and over, if the purpose for which they are used is

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different each time. The three lessons which have been given cause reading for three distinct purposes, and each is applied to a number of different stories. By using the same stories thus over and over again at intervals, the pupil is given a most effective and pleasing review.

EXERCISE VI
A PLEASING BALLAD

The Romance of the Swan's Nest

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING¹

1. Little Ellie sits alone
 ' Mid the beeches of a meadow,
 By a stream-side on the grass,
And the trees are showering down
 Doubles of their leaves in shadow,
 On her shining hair and face.
2. She has thrown her bonnet by,
 And her feet she has been dipping
 In the shallow water's flow ;
Now she holds them nakedly
 In her hands, all sleek and dripping,
 While she rocketh to and fro.
3. Little Ellie sits alone,
 And the smile she softly uses
 Fills the silence like a speech,
While she thinks what shall be done,
 And the sweetest pleasure chooses
 For her future within reach.

1. Consult the Index to these volumes for information concerning Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning and her works.

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4. Little Ellie in her smile
Chooses, "I will have a lover,
Riding on a steed of steeds :
He shall love me without guile,
And to *him* I will discover
The swan's nest among the reeds.
5. "And the steed shall be red roan,
And the lover shall be noble,
With an eye that takes the breath.
And the lute he playes upon
Shall strike ladies into trouble,
As his sword strikes men to death.
6. "And the steed it shall be shod
All in silver, housed in azure ;
And the mane shall swim the wind ;
And the hoofs along the sod
Shall flash onward, and keep measure,
Till the shepherds look behind.
7. "But my lover will not prize
All the glory that he rides in,
When he gazes in my face.
He will say, 'O Love, thine eyes
Build the shrine my soul abides in,
And I kneel here for thy grace !'

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8. “Then, aye, then he shall kneel low,
With the red-roan steed anear him,
Which shall seem to understand,
Till I answer, ‘Rise and go !
For the world must love and fear him
Whom I gift with heart and hand.’
9. “Then he will arise so pale,
I shall feel my own lips tremble
With a yes I must not say :
Nathless maiden-brave, ‘Farewell,’
I will utter, and dissemble—
‘Light to-morrow with to-day !’
10. “Then he’ll ride among the hills
To the wide world past the river,
There to put away all wrong,
To make straight distorted wills,
And to empty the broad quiver
Which the wicked bear along.
11. “Three times shall a young foot page
Swim the stream, and climb the mountain,
And kneel down beside my feet :
‘Lo ! my master sends this gage,
Lady, for thy pity’s counting.
What wilt thou exchange for it ?’

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12. "And the first time I will send
A white rosebud for a guerdon—
And the second time, a glove ;
But the third time—I may bend
From my pride, and answer—' Pardon,
If he comes to take my love.'
13. "Then the young foot page will run—
Then my lover will ride faster,
Till he kneeleth at my knee :
' I am a duke's eldest son !
Thousand serfs do call me master,—
But, O Love, I love but *thee!*' " . . .
14. Little Ellie, with her smile
Not yet ended, rose up gayly,
Tied the bonnet, donned the shoe,
And went homeward, round a mile,
Just to see, as she did daily,
What more eggs were with the two.
15. Pushing through the elm-tree copse,
Winding up the stream, light-hearted,
Where the osier pathway leads,
Past the boughs she stoops, and stops.
Lo, the wild swan had deserted,
And a rat had gnawed the reeds !

Applied Methods

16. Ellie went home sad and slow.
If she found the lover ever,
With his red-roan steed of steeds,
Sooth I know not ; but I know
She could never show him—never,
That swan's nest among the reeds.
-

Outline

I. THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION. "*Showering . . . doubles.*" Did you never see on the ground shadows of leaves which are often shaped like the leaves themselves?

"*Smile . . . fills the silence.*" Call attention to the very pretty fancy embodied in these lines.

"*Red roan.*" Such a horse's coat would have gray or white thickly interspersed with the red.

"*Lute.*" Notice that Ellie had been reading romances of the days of chivalry, when knights rode about on horses and played and sang sweet music to their ladies. We should think it very strange now for a soldier to play upon a lute.

"*Housed in azure.*" The saddle-blankets of the old time knights were often large and beautifully ornamented. Ellie wished her knight to have one of rich blue.

"*Nathless.*" This old word, which means *nevertheless*, has long since passed out of use, but it was a common word in the days of chivalry.

The Romance of the Swan's Nest

Here it affords one of the many instances of local coloring in the poem.

“*Foot page.*” The knight of olden times was followed everywhere by his squire, or personal attendant. Being a nobleman, he might have a page, or serving boy, though usually the page was the servant of the ladies.

“*Gage.*” The knight sent a cap, glove or some other symbol of the fact that he had performed the commission laid upon him.

“*Guerdon.*” Reward.

“*Round a mile.*” On her homeward walk she went far out of her way to see whether more eggs had been laid in the swan's nest.

2. THE SCENE. Mrs. Browning gives us the following facts from which to make our scenes :

a. The Main Scene. (1) A meadow, in which grew beech trees.

(2) A shallow stream, running between low banks. We are told that the water is shallow, in the second stanza. We know that the banks are low, for Ellie sat on the bank and dabbled her feet in the water.

(3) A little girl, with sunbonnet, shoes and stockings beside her.

(4) Bright sunlight, to give warmth and beauty. We know the sun is shining, else the leaves would not be showering down their doubles.

b. The Swan's Nest. (1) A thick grove of elms.

(2) A stream of water, reeds close to the bank

Applied Methods

of the stream, willows outside the reeds and next the trees.

(3) A rude path.

(4) A deserted swan's nest.

(5) A sad child.

3. THE PERSONS AND THEIR CHARACTERS. a. The Chief Character. Ellie, aged about twelve.

(1) Appearance. (a) Slender and delicate.

(b) Sweet, intelligent face, with expressive eyes and mouth.

(c) Light, shining hair.

(2) Character. (a) Intelligent. (She has read a great deal, or some one has read to her a great deal, from the old romances which deal with knights and chivalry.)

(b) Highly imaginative, or she could not have thought so charming a story.

(c) Dreamy.

(d) Happy. ("The smile she softly uses fills the silence like a speech.")

See also stanza 14.

(e) Loving (stanzas 9 and 12).

(f) Strong-willed (stanza 9).

(g) Humane (stanza 10).

(h) Proud. (Note that beginning with (e) the characteristics are those which she gives herself in her revery.)

(i) Sympathetic (stanza 16).

b. The Imaginary Characters. (1) A Foot Page. (We know very little about the young foot

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page, except that he was a strong, active young fellow, devoted to his master.)

(2) The Lover's Horse. (a) The lover's horse was a steed of steeds, a red roan wearing silver shoes and covered by an azure blanket.

(b) Its mane was long and flowing.

(c) It galloped with long, regular strides. (Stanzas 4, 5, 6.)

(3) The Lover. He was noble in appearance, with flashing eye (stanza 5); a fine musician (stanza 5); a skillful rider (stanza 6); polite and gracious (stanza 7); a devoted lover (stanzas 8-13); sensitive (stanza 9); a brave soldier (stanza 10); constant (stanzas 11 and 13).

To Ellie he was the embodiment of all the graces and perfections of which she had read.

4. THE PLOT. a. The Opening. Ellie sits by the stream on a summer afternoon, and dreams (stanzas 1, 2, 3).

b. Her Revery (stanzas 4-13). (1) She will show her lover the swan's nest. (To the little child, the swan's nest is her greatest treasure, and from it her reveries start, but they soon wander far away among half-understood memories.

(2) The lover woos her (stanzas 7 and 8).

(3) She dissembles her love and imposes conditions (stanzas 8 and 9).

(4) The knight pursues his career of righting wrongs (stanza 10).

Applied Methods

(5) He sends Ellie a gage, for which she returns a rosebud.

(6) The knight sends his second gage, for which she returns a glove.

(7) The knight sends his third gage, and she calls him to her.

c. Denouement. Ellie walks homeward and sees the deserted swan's nest.

5. SUMMARY. The reveries of the little child bring to her a brave and noble knight, who loves her devotedly. In her charming simplicity, the great reward she has to offer him is a sight of the swan's nest, of which she alone knows. Visiting the nest, she is brought sharply back to earth by finding the nest deserted and the eggs gone.

6. PURPOSE AND LESSON. In this charming little story, the purpose is to show how rudely realities break in upon our dreams. Mrs. Browning says she does not know that Ellie ever found her lover, but if she did, she could never show him the swan's nest. Our inference is that Ellie never found the lover she expected. She returned to her home, grew into womanhood and found that in real life there were no noble lovers on red-roan steeds.

"So the dreams depart,
So the fading phantoms flee,
And the sharp reality
Now must act its part."

—*Westwood.*

Miscellany



WAYSIDE, HAWTHORNE'S HOME AT CONCORD

Nathaniel Hawthorne

1804-1864

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE was a true American. From his father who, like many of his ancestors, was a shipmaster, the boy inherited resolution of character; from his mother, beauty and rare refinement. His childhood was rather unusual from its lack of regular education; his studies seem not to have been formal, but he delighted in Spenser's *Faery Queene*, Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, Shakespeare's dramas, and Milton's poetry. When ten years old he was sent to his uncle who had interested himself in the boy since the death of the latter's father. On his uncle's farm near Lake Sebago, he spent a most profitable year, rambling in the woods, delighting in their solitude, observing and recording what he had noted. He then returned to Salem to finish his preparation for Bowdoin College which he entered in 1821. Here he failed to distinguish himself as a scholar, but excelled in English theme-writing and Greek and Latin translation. After his graduation in 1824 came the period of his life which brought him the reputation of being eccentric. Literature he had chosen as a profession; that meant, to one of his exacting sense of duty, a thorough, independent preparation. For twelve years he lived at his mother's house as a recluse, shunning society, often even

Nathaniel Hawthorne

that of his mother and sisters, scarcely leaving the house except on lonely rambles. These years, devoted not to regular study but to brooding, dreaming, and written expression, were of the greatest significance. At this time he perfected his marvelous style, applying to it most conscientious and rigorous tests. His writings, however, notwithstanding their merit, received no wider circulation than that of local papers and magazines.

He was married to a Miss Peabody, of Salem, in 1842, and settled at Concord in the "Old Manse." His *Twice Told Tales*, written while he was in seclusion, had been published and fame was coming to him slowly. He had profited by his wholesome, practical life as weigher and gauger in the Boston Custom House, and as Surveyor of the port of Salem, so that when a change in political parties removed him from the latter office he was prepared to produce the first and greatest of his four long romances—*The Scarlet Letter*. This won for him immediate fame. *The House of the Seven Gables* and *The Wonder Book* for children, *The Blithedale Romance* and *Tanglewood Tales* successively appeared. President Pierce, perhaps his most intimate friend, appointed Hawthorne to the consulship at Liverpool. For four years Hawthorne lived in England, then traveled in Italy, where *The Marble Faun* was written.

After his return, his health became steadily poorer. Thinking to gain new strength, he started

Matthaniel Hawthorne

on a little tour with ex-President Pierce (1864) but got no farther than Plymouth, New Hampshire, when the sudden death he had always wished for overtook him. Five days afterwards he was buried in "Sleepy Hollow" in the Concord cemetery.

Hawthorne's personality left a most vivid impression on those who came in contact with him. His manly form and strikingly beautiful face won him immediate attention, and his silence and reticence set him off in a world of his own where none might approach. Joined with his resolute strength was a distinctly feminine element of character, a fine susceptibility showed in every expression of his face, and in an extreme shyness which caused him to blush on the slightest provocation even when among intimate friends. Social occasions were torture to him. His calm, gentle spirit was satisfied in the atmosphere of his home made happy by one of the most perfect marriages.

Hawthorne has been often entirely misunderstood, he has been called a pessimist and a fatalist who develops repelling subjects in morbid style. Even his friend, the philosopher Emerson, felt that his genius had been rather unfortunately used and had taken too dark a course. But according to his wife and children, he was the very reverse of gloomy and morbid. His daughter speaks of him as "the gayest person I ever saw; there never was such a playmate in all the world;" and his wife tells

Matthaniel Hawthorne

of his cheerfulness and wit. The man's spirit was too great and true, too nearly in harmony with all that is good, to limit itself to a gloomy view of life. It was merely that in the all-engrossing observation of the sadder side of man's inner life, the origin, growth, and effects of sin best suited his genius. The human heart with its struggles, its falls, and its triumphs, rather than the external world and its conditions, constituted for him the reality of life. With the aid of constant introspection and a marvelous penetration, he made his study of the souls of men, deploring the curses of sin and moved to the depths of his nature by the inevitable suffering from transgression.

But although Hawthorne's life-work was this ethical study, never did he aim at making his writings the direct medium of moral teaching. The artistic, beauty-loving side of his nature was too strong to allow of his becoming a preaching author. A proof of the abiding greatness of his works is that there are woven in with them moral problems for the solution of which he gives suggestions but never advances an arbitrary theory. The art in his works was secured by a thorough study of effective expression, yet his style seems a natural growth from the very essence of the inner thought, so naturally and easily does it flow along. It is sometimes delicately humorous and always clear even when expressing most subtle thoughts and fanciful images. The mystery and

Nathaniel Hawthorne

shadowy influences, the spirit of another and superhuman world, which haunts all of Hawthorne's works, appear among familiar scenes and find expression in a style which might describe commonplace fact.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge

1772-1834

Samuel Taylor Coleridge was one of the most remarkable figures of English Literature. He was constitutionally awkward in his carriage and manners, and seemed altogether lacking in physical energy, yet he possessed a personal magnetism that drew about him a group of friends who became almost his disciples. The poet Southey was the warmest of these, and when Coleridge, unable to provide for his family, meanly abandoned them, it was Southey who took their support upon himself. For a period of seventeen years Coleridge was a slave to opiates, and during this time he became wholly unreliable and lost most of his power to write, though he could talk fluently and delightfully. After he put himself entirely into the hands of a London physician, whose judicious and kindly care was a remarkable testimony to the attractiveness of Coleridge, he recovered much of his former power. He lived for some years with Southey and Wordsworth in the beautiful lake region of northern England, and formed with them what is known as the Lake School of Poetry, characterized by a sympathetic interpretation of nature.

The Ancient Mariner was begun by Wordsworth and Coleridge working together, but the vivid im-

Samuel Taylor Coleridge

agination of the latter caught the idea of the piece more firmly and worked it out in all its beautiful details. In the poem as it finally appeared, Wordsworth contributed but a few trifling lines besides the following: —

“And listens like a three years’ child :
The Mariner hath his will.”

“And thou art long, and lank and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.”

Wordsworth says he suggested that “some crime was to be committed which should bring upon the Old Navigator as Coleridge afterwards delighted to call him, the spectral persecution, as a consequence of that crime and his own wanderings. I had been reading in Shelvocke’s *Voyages*, a day or two before, that while doubling Cape Horn they frequently saw albatrosses in that latitude, the largest sort of sea fowl, some extending their wings twelve or thirteen feet. ‘Suppose,’ said I, ‘you represent him as having killed one of these birds on entering the South Sea, and that the tutelary spirits of these regions take upon them to avenge the crime.’ The incident was thought fit for the purpose and adopted accordingly. I also suggested the navigation of the ship by the dead men, but do not recollect that I had anything more to do with the scheme of the poem.”

The Ancient Mariner was published in *Lyrical Ballads*, a book which marked an epoch in litera-

Samuel Taylor Coleridge

ture, as it showed a strong tendency away from the formalism of the past and toward a natural realism tempered by graceful imagination. Most of the poems in the little volume were by Wordsworth.

The wonderful genius of Coleridge showed itself when he was a boy, and it was of him that Charles Lamb wrote: "Come back into memory like as thou wast in the dayspring of thy fancies, with hope like a fiery column before thee — the dark pillar not yet turned — Samuel Taylor Coleridge, logician, metaphysician, bard! How have I seen the casual passer through the cloisters stand still, entranced with admiration (while he weighed the disproportion between the *speech* and the *garb*) . . . to hear thee unfold, in thy deep, sweet intonations the mysteries of the philosophers . . . or reciting Homer in his Greek, or Pindar, while the walls of the old Grayfriars re-echoed to the accents of the inspired charity boy." His incomplete life was owing to his diseased will, against the weakness of which he struggled. When his publisher remonstrated he wrote, "You have poured oil in the raw and festering wounds of an old friend's conscience, Cottle! — but it is oil of vitriol! I have prayed with drops of agony on my brow, trembling not only before the justice of my Master, but even before the mercy of my Redeemer: 'I gave thee so many talents; what hast thou done with them?'"

In spite of his weakness and the incompleteness

Samuel Taylor Coleridge

of his work, he was an influence as a critic, a poet, a philosopher, and a theologian.

“He suffered an almost lifelong punishment for his errors, whilst the world at large has the unwithering fruits of his labors and his genius and his sufferings.”

Nothing can surpass the melodious richness of words which he heaps around his images,—images not glaring in themselves, but which are always affecting to the very verge of tears, because they have all been formed and nourished in the recesses of one of the most deeply musing spirits that ever breathed forth its inspirations in the majestic language of England.

—*John Wilson.*

Alfred Tennyson

1809-1892

There is little of striking interest in the life of this most popular of modern English poets. His was the quiet uneventful life of the scholar and the poet. The one great event that influenced his genius most profoundly was the death of his beloved friend, Arthur Hallam. The deep spiritual experiences through which he passed in the ten years following this blow he has embodied in his matchless *In Memoriam*, a series of lyrics in which he expresses his grief, his despondency, his reconciliation to the fate that comes to all, and his profound faith in the God whose wisdom and love he recognizes in everything. *Enoch Arden* is perhaps the most popular of his poems. We shall have occasion to recur to him and his work at another time and at greater length.

Rudyard Kipling

1865 ———

It was about the year 1891 that an enthusiastic article in the London *Times* called the attention of English readers to a young man who was then in the city and who had recently published certain tales and poems of life in India. This was the beginning of the fame of Rudyard Kipling. He was twenty-five years of age and was at the end of a long and fruitless journey to find publishers and readers. He had left India about a year before and had been in Hong Kong, in San Francisco, in New York, nowhere finding employment or publisher, until in London he found a firm willing to risk something on his manuscript.

As one reads the *Plain Tales from the Hills*, *Soldiers Three*, *Departmental Ditties*, *The Gadsbys* and *In Black and White*, one is lead to inquire why publishers could have been so blind to the power in the writings of this young journalist. And yet the cause was not far to seek. The stories were plain and almost rough, the style direct and positive, and the homely characters possessed so much vitality and real aggressiveness that the critics would not admit either value or beauty in the tales. They felt the force but believed the public would be shocked at the

Rudyard Kipling

lack of conventional form and the evident intent to show things as they are. Besides, Kipling was introducing new persons. The world knew and praised the official in army life but here was a man who persisted in bringing the private soldier, Tommy Atkins, in his everyday garb, right into the literary drawing room. Naturally people hesitated to receive him. Since that time Kipling has gained marvelously in popularity and has contributed much more to our literature though there are still those who say that he is famous but not great.

He was born in Bombay, the son of an English artist. As a child he was original and willful, having no particular love for the toys of his age but absorbed in books and puzzling games. He was very fond of his father, who took him in 1878 to see the Paris Exposition, and then left him in school in England. Here he remained till he was eighteen. He gained a prize for his work in English Literature but was not otherwise distinguished for his scholarship.

In 1883 he returned to India and became chief editor on the *Civil and Military Gazette*. Here he worked with feverish industry, ransacking the city for news and absorbing almost by intuition the characteristics of the life he saw among the varied classes that crowd an Eastern city. He was intimate with the English-

Rudyard Kipling

man in Indian civil life, with the officers and privates of the army, and with the natives of countless sects and tribes. The extent and accuracy of his power of minute observation seemed to be equaled only by his ability to appreciate character and enter into the thoughts and feelings of those whom he met. Men were no more transparent to him than were animals, and later in his *Jungle Books* he made use of his wonderful insight. He wrote much for his paper and there he first published many of the stories that afterward made him famous in London. He left his work in India in 1890 on the search that terminated in fame. It is interesting to note that he always had perfect confidence that eventually his work would be appreciated.

In 1891 he returned to America, and labored with Wolcott Balestier until the latter's death. When Kipling married the sister of his friend he settled at Brattleboro, Vermont, where he built a beautiful house which he named *The Naulahka*, after the story which he and Balestier wrote together.

He has been a great traveler, has written much of different countries and different peoples and always with the same directness, accuracy, and marvelous penetration. His most famous single piece is *The Recessional* which we publish elsewhere.

He is quick and lively in his movements and

Rudyard Kipling

somewhat nervous in temperament. He shuns publicity, enjoys retirement, and declines to be lionized. He is small and nearsighted but athletic in his habits; is practical in the management of his affairs and is always neat and well-dressed — a man of the world.

James Whitcomb Riley calls him a “regular literary blotting-pad, soaking up everything on the face of the earth.” When the Hoosier Poet sent a copy of his *Child World* to Kipling the latter responded:

“Your trail lies to the westward,
Mine back to mine own place.
There is water between our lodges—
I have not seen your face;

But I have read your verses,
And I can guess the rest,
For in the hearts of children
There is no east or west.”

Anyone who understands baseball and knows Kipling's poetry will appreciate “Mr. Dooley's” remark: “What I like about Kipling is that his pomes is r-right off the bat.”

Supplementary Reading

As supplementary to the work which is required here in the course, it would be an excellent plan if you would make a similar brief review of some novel which has made upon you a notable impression. It is not to be supposed that this volume contains all the literature you will study in this manner. While you are studying this part, devote your general reading to prose fiction and narrative poems, many excellent examples of which you can find in current numbers of the best magazines and in the books of the public or school library. When you have finished any novel, story, or poem, give it a few moments' consideration and see if you could discuss it under the heads of our outline. As a person reads, an undercurrent of thought seizes and arranges important ideas, and leaves them as very definite impressions, even though the reader has at no time given conscious attention to these details. The purpose of this portion of your study has not been fully accomplished until in your reading you find yourself without effort and almost unconsciously knowing the points we have discussed.

The Novel

STORY-TELLING must have begun with brief recitals of the incidents of everyday life, from which it was but a step to more elaborate recitals in which the imagination colored the account. People listened eagerly in the early days of the race as children listen now, and when it became possible to record them in permanent form stories were incorporated into the literature of the race and fiction became a fact. But the way was long from that point to the present, and it was not till the middle of the last century that the novel became of serious importance as a department of literature. Richardson, Fielding, and Smollet may be said to have formed the first school of novelists that exerted any influence on the people. Goldsmith and Sterne also established a reputation that seems destined to last throughout time despite all variations in public taste. But most of these early writers were like the people among whom they lived, and did not consider decency as by any means necessary in a novel, and their work was usually characterized by a coarseness and vulgarity that shock our more refined tastes. It was not far from the time of the breaking out of the Revolutionary War that the outcry against the indecency of fiction pro-

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duced a class of writers who substituted the fop and the dandy for the rake and the libertine, and who carried their sentimental folly to such an extreme that they filled with disgust the people who had heralded their coming with joy. Whipple says of these writers that their inspiration was "love and weak tea," and he charges them with being the chief source of the "contemporary parental objection to works of fiction." But with the coming of *Waverley*, the first novel by Sir Walter Scott, the sentimental school vanished, and the novel rapidly grew to the important place it to-day occupies.

"Fundamentally a novel must be interesting. It must furnish the mind with something new, something that it can possess and conserve, and something it can perpetuate and give to others, for these are the elements of pleasure. It must appeal to the æsthetic sense by that which can in no way be regarded as a necessity to life, by that which has no disagreeable accompaniments or in which the disagreeable is subordinate to or transmuted by other ideas, and by that whose enjoyment is not restricted to a single mind and does not perish with the using. The novel may have a scientific value if it is historical, if it enters the domain of natural history, or if it is a study of social conditions, psychological or ethical problems. It may have a moral value as it influences to good conduct by the examples it furnishes, as

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it indulges in direct preaching, and, more than in any other way, as it shows the true relation of cause and effect in human life. Lastly the novel may have an æsthetic value when it gives a quiet contemplative view of beautiful things, and when it brings to us the refinements of reproductive art or the novelties and elegancies of a new creation." So much at least does Daniel G. Thomson see of the character and possibilities of the novel.

Again, Walter Besant in lecturing on the Art of Fiction sums up the characteristics of a good novel much in the following manner. It must show a fidelity to life that comes from trained observation, and must be characterized by a vividness of description that makes the reader see the figures and their environment as though before his very eyes. There must be a suppression of all descriptions which hinder instead of help the action, all episodes and conversations which do not either advance the story or illustrate the characters. Every situation should be presented dramatically, for a novel is like a play. Every figure must be sketched clearly and distinctly, and must possess the vitality of actual life so that we may know them all personally, "know them so well that they become our advisers, our guides and our best friends, on whom we model ourselves, our thoughts, and our actions." In addition to all this the novel must have a conscious moral purpose. "It is, fortunately, not possible in this

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country for a man to defile and defame humanity and still be called an artist."

These are the principles that students should hold in mind in their reading; they are the canons of their criticism, the basis of their judgment of the novels they read.

There are many types of novels, and one could not make a perfectly satisfactory classification on the basis of their purpose or the character of the plot. The underlying method of the author and the style of treatment he adopts are more susceptible to grouping.

Two schools exist among writers. The realistic school depicts things as they are and subordinates incidents and plot to persons and their characters. Realism deals with the real things of life, with every day affairs and in its best form stands for truth. The idealistic school colors truth with imagination and sets forth things as they should be or might be, rather than as they are. Naturally novels of the latter school abound in incident, have startling plots and make no pretense to develop character. The old romance is typical of the idealistic novel. Realism tempered a little by the imagination, produces the best type of the novel, the one which always becomes absorbing and inspiring. Arlo Bates has written: "Genuine art may sadden, but it can not depress; it may bring a fresh sense of the anguish of humanity, but it must from its very nature join

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with this the consolation of an ideal. The tragedy of human life is in art held to be the source of new courage, of nobler aspiration, because it gives grander opportunities for human emotion to vindicate its superiority to all disasters, all terrors, all woe." Unless a novel fulfills this purpose it is not worth the reading as a work of fiction. The purely realistic novel of the type alluded to above should be classified with works of scientific sociology and read only by the student of criminology. The romantic novel in which the plot is everything and the people are merely puppets, serves only the purpose of entertainment, and every person must decide for himself how much of time he can afford to spend in pure intellectual play.

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The Short Story

THE short story has its distinctive place in literature, and of late it has become, perhaps, the most popular form of fiction. Possibly this is unfortunate, for it is doubtful whether this be the most profitable form of reading. It tends to produce a mental restlessness and a craving for excitement that the longer and more finished novel does not encourage. Probably the chief objection to the short story lies in the fact that its characters rarely have a living personality. They pass from the reader's sight before they have had time to produce a serious impression. It is true that Ernest lives among his friends and that Rip Van Winkle is a vital creation, but they are exceptions to the rule. Ivanhoe is the ideal hero of boyish imagination because he was seen for a long time and frequently, in a great variety of circumstances, and Jeanie Deans could never have made the friendship of the thousands of her admirers if Sir Walter Scott had compressed her career into the limits of a single magazine article.

Observations

Of all the printed books that ever vexed the wise and charmed the foolish a bad novel is probably that which best displays how far the mind can descend in the sliding scale of sense and nature. — *Whipple.*

The elements of light and hopefulness are essential to a living novel. There may be plenty of tragedy but this should be the shadow in the picture; and no true, pleasing picture can be printed in black or lurid red alone. A story can not hold a large place among the living which leaves an unredeemed impression of horror or even of despondency. — *E. P. Roe.*

Every man reads himself out of the book that he reads; nay, has he a strong mind, reads himself into the book and amalgamates his thoughts with the author's. — *Goethe.*

Great Novels

The following are a few of the novels that have moved or entertained the world, novels which every person should know. The list could be much lengthened without doing violence to our principles of selection, and it might be shortened without offense.

ENGLISH.

The Vicar of Wakefield. — Oliver Goldsmith.

“One of the most delicious morsels of fictitious composition on which the human mind was ever employed.”

— *Scott.*

Ivanhoe. — Sir Walter Scott.

An historical romance of the time of Richard the Lion-Hearted.

The Heart of Midlothian. — Sir Walter Scott.

A story of Scotch life in the lower classes. Jeanie Deans is one of the greatest characters in fiction.

Henry Esmond. — Wm. M. Thackeray.

The period of the story is the reign of Queen Anne; one of the great historical novels of the language.

The Newcomes. — Wm. M. Thackeray.

A satirical novel of the realistic type. It gives us Col. Newcome, a delightful creation.

Vanity Fair. — Wm. M. Thackeray.

An interesting story, characterized by bitter realism and keen satire.

Great Novels

David Copperfield.— Charles Dickens.

A story of middle-class life in England. It is said to be partly biographical. "Of all my works I like this the best," said Dickens.

Oliver Twist.— Charles Dickens.

It vividly portrays the struggles of a pure boy among the criminal classes of London.

Romola.— George Eliot.

One of the greatest of historical novels. A tale of Florentine life in the time of Savonarola. It is a remarkable study in the development of character.

Middlemarch.— George Eliot.

A pathetic story of failure. By many claimed to be her greatest work.

AMERICAN.

The Last of the Mohicans, *The Spy*, and *The Pilot*.
— James Fenimore Cooper.

The first, a thrilling story of Indian adventure, and one of five books relating the career of Natty Bumpo, or Leather-Stocking. The second, a story of New York and vicinity in the time of the Revolution. The last, a stirring Revolutionary tale of the sea, introduces Captain Paul Jones.

The Scarlet Letter.— Nathaniel Hawthorne.

A story of sin, punishment, and repentance, in Puritan New England.

The House of the Seven Gables.— Nathaniel Hawthorne.

A gloomy story of heredity, with enlivening touches from youth and happiness.

Great Novels

Uncle Tom's Cabin.—Harriet Beecher Stowe.

A story of slavery in the Southern States. This book was a great influence in bringing on the Civil war.

The following, though scarcely in the same rank, are well worth the reading:

Hypatia.—Charles Kingsley.

Lorna Doone.—R. D. Blackmore.

A Daughter of Heth.—William Black.

The Rise of Silas Lapham.—W. D. Howells.

The Grandissimes.—Geo. W. Cable.

Marcella.—Mrs. Humphrey Ward.

The Bostonians.—Henry James.

Saracinesca.—F. Marion Crawford.

Review Questions

1. What words and phrases can you find in *Wee Willie Winkie* that give local coloring to the story?

2. Do you find in the character of Wee Willie anything unreasonable for a child of his years?

3. What are the peculiarities of his speech? Are they such as a child of his age might have?

4. Gather together the passages in *The Ambitious Guest* that locate the scene of the story.

5. What purpose did Hawthorne have in making this guest such a character as he describes?

6. What striking contrast can you find in the personal character of Hawthorne and Kipling?

7. What was there in the life of Coleridge that would seem to account for the curious introduction of supernatural events into *The Ancient Mariner*?

8. Which is the most intensely local: *Enoch Arden*, *The Ambitious Guest*, or *Wee Willie Winkie*?

9. Study the emotions which you find Philip to show. Does Tennyson carry your sympathy with Philip in these emotions?

10. Make a written comparison, covering each of the points of the outline for study, between *The Ambitious Guest* and *Wee Willie Winkie*, striving to show in which respect each story excels.

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